

THE HARP

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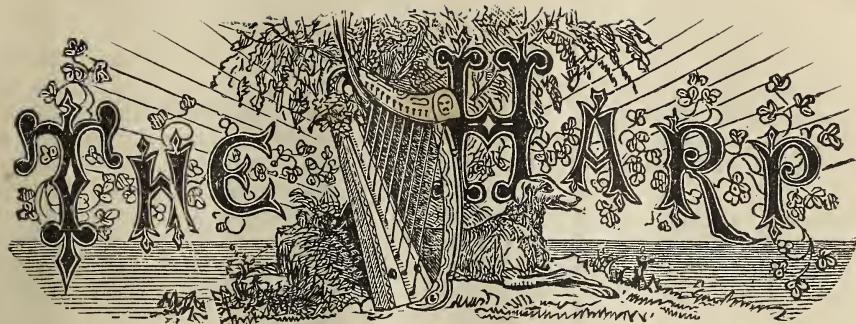
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No. 3.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside,
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide;
For thy step through life's path shall be
lighter,

When the load from thy bosom is cast,
And the sky that's above thee be brighter,
When the cloud of displeasure has pass'd.

Though thy spirit beat high with emotion
To give back an injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.
And why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away?
Or seek to encounter to-morrow
The blast that o'erswept us to-day?

Oh, memory's a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It foams when the storm meets its tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret;
Though the inorning beams break on thy
sadness
Ere the sunset forgive and forget.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR.

"If a man live many years, and have rejoiced in them all, he must remember the darksome time, and the many days; which when they shall come, the things past shall be accused of vanity."—Eccl. XI—8.

ANOTHER year is dead, is past, is gone, and we cannot recall it. Dead—past—gone, with all it offers, all its advantages, and all its opportunities. That which we did during the allotted term of its duration, we cannot now undo; what we could, but did not, we can no longer do during the year eighteen hundred and eighty. It is gone, but its record re-

mains. The virtues we have practised, and the victories we have won, as well as the virtues we have not practised, and the victories we have not won; the graces we have responded to, and the graces we have neglected or abused; the sins we have committed, and the relapses into sin;—all are written in everlasting characters on an everlasting page. Every act and every omission is there. Nothing has escaped the notice of the recording angel, and that page will be a witness, for or against us, on the great last day.

The year just closed was for some the twentieth, for others the fortieth, for others again the sixtieth, for some, perhaps, the eightieth of life, of pilgrimage in this troublous world. And those twenty, those forty, those sixty, those eighty years,—how have we spent them? Looking back over the respective periods of our existence, what do we find? That we have devoted almost every day and every hour to the pursuit of worldly honors, earthly riches, and the enjoyment of sensual pleasures; that we have given all, or nearly all, to the world and the gratification of our senses, and nothing, or, if anything, very little to God, to our soul. We have, indeed, lived many years, but have we remembered, have we looked to, do we now look to the "darksome time" of death, and "the many days" of eternity, "which when they shall come the things past shall be accused of vanity?" If we have not, if we do not,—why? Has not everything, does not everything around us speak of death, preach death, however unwilling we may be to attend, or slow

to understand? Even this New Year, festive and joyous though it is, does it not remind us of mutability and mortality? Does it not remind us that others have died, and that we too must die?

This day twelve months ago, celebrating this joyous festival, as we are now, looking with bright hopes and confidence to the future, were kind husbands and fathers, loving wives and mothers, and dear children, who have since passed from among us, away to their long last home. Few, if any, of them expected to die before the close of the year then so auspiciously begun; few, if any, of us expect to die before the close of the year now so auspiciously begun. Some were young, and looked with confidence to many more years of life; others were already old, and if they did not look to many years, certainly did to a few. Young and old alike died sooner than they expected. We too are some of us old, and others young; and it is the hope and aspiration of all to celebrate many happy returns of this gladsome season. But, is there a single one of us who can say with certitude, that he shall celebrate one more return? Nay, a single one who can say with certitude, that he shall even witness the breaking of another day, the rising of another sun? Not one! We all know that we must die sooner or later,—how soon or how late we do not know. It may be only a few moments, it may be a few days, at most it can only be a few months, until “the darksome time, and the many days; which when they shall come the things past shall be accused of vanity.”

Yes, our time is short. We know it, we feel it. It is also most precious; and amidst the festivities and rejoicings of this season we should not forget that it is so. Time, in a certain sense, is as precious as God Himself, because the possession of God—eternal glory, the unspeakable happiness of the Blessed—is the reward of making a good use of time. It is so precious that all the honors, and all the riches of this world, are not worth as much as one moment is worth. If a man employed but a single instant to gain the whole world, and he does not gain heaven, he has lost his time. There is not among the dam-

ned in hell, a single one who would not give all the goods of the world, if they were his own, to have but one minute of that time he has eternally lost. In one moment I can with a tear obtain the pardon of my sins, and appease the wrath of God; this is what the reprobate can never do by suffering all the torments of hell. In every instant of time I can merit a new degree of glory; and this is what the elect in heaven cannot do, although engaged in perpetual adoration. Such is the immense value of time.

If it is then so immeasurably precious, so is it evident that it's loss is irreparable. There is no other loss in life that can be compared to the loss of time. If we lose our health, we may with proper care recover it. If we lose a law-suit, a fortune, our reputation, we may hope to retrieve the loss. But if we lose our time, we cannot hope to recover it. Time past can never return. God Himself cannot order that the last past day shall not be past. It is not now, in the midst of life and enjoyment, that time will appear so all important, and it's loss so irreparable, but when we shall come to die. Then, as darkness gathers around us, “the things past shall be accused of vanity.” Then shall we cry out for one hour more, only one hour of grace and mercy, before we appear before the awful tribunal of the unerring Judge.

If I invite you at the birth of this New Year, to remember these solemn truths,—that time is short, that it is most precious, and that it's loss is irretrievable, I do not so to dampen your gladness, to check your rejoicings, but rather, that your's, that mine, may be real rejoicing and happiness. We each wish one another a happy, happy New Year. But the year will not, cannot be happy, if we lose our time. Let us, therefore, resolve now to make a good use of every moment, avoiding evil and doing good, at peace with God and man. At peace! Peace during the days, the weeks, the months, the whole year,—a happy New Year! Peace on earth during all time, the precursor of rest eternal on the bosom of God,—a happy eternity! So be it!

MARK SWEENEY.

THE ANGEL AND THE INFANT.

Un ange, au radieux visage
Penché sur le bord d'un berceau
Semblait contempler son image
Comme dans l'onde d'un ruisseau.

Radiant with glory an angel
Bent o'er an infant's cot,
As in the face of a lakelet
He'd seek his own image, I wot.

Charmant enfant que me ressemble
Disait il ; oh ! viens avec moi
Viens, nous serons heureux ensemble
La terre est indigne de toi.

Sweet one ! thou'rt all but an angel
Come then, I pray thee, with me ;
Come ! let's be happy together
Earth is unworthy of thee.

La, jamais entiere alegresse,
L'ame y souffre de ses plaisirs ;
Les cris de joie ont leur tristesse
Et les voluptes leurs soupirs.

There there's no peace without troubles,
The soul there cries tears in her joy ;
There pleasure that gold of the worldling,
Is mixed with an earthly alloy.

La crainte est de toutes les fêtes,
Jamais un jour calme et serein,
Du choc tenebreux des tempêtes
N'a garanti le lendemain.

Fear sits at all of her banquets,
No day is all calm and serene,
High o'er the shock of her tempests
Come doubts of the morrow, I ween.

Eh quoi ! les chagrins, les alarmes
Viendraient troubler ce font si pur,
Et par l'amertume des l'armes
Se terniraient ces yeux d'azur ?

What ! shall that forehead so gentle
Be clouded with sorrows and fears,
What ! shall those eyes of deep azure
Be dimmed with the saltiness of tears ?

Non ! non ! dans les champs de l'espace,
Avec moi tu vas t'envoler ;
La providence te fait grace
Des jours que tu devais couler.

No ! through the fields of the boundless,
With me as thy guide thou shalt flee ;
Heaven will brighten the days it
Had portioned out to thee.

Que les fronts y soient sans nuage,
Que rien n'y révèle un tombeau,
Quand on est pur comme a ton age,
Le dernier jour est le plus beau.

There shall the brow know no dark'ning,
None shall there speak of the tomb,
When one is pure as at thy age,
Evening is brighter than noon.

Et secouant ses blanches ailes
L'ange, a ces mots pris son essor ;
Vers les demeures éternelles—
Pauvre mère—ton fils est mort ?

Spreading her white wings, the angel
Rose at the words towards the sky ;
Knew'st thou not weeping mother,—
Thy infant was chosen to die ?

REBOUL.

H. B.

THE ORPHANS ;

OR,

THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH

He would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of
"the devil and all his works," had not his path been crossed
by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man
than ghost, goblin, or the whole race of witches, and that
was—a woman.—*Washington Irving.*

CHAHTER VII.—*Continued.*

"To the door, madame. He has been
most kind and attentive all the way."

"Mr. Longworth could not be otherwise."

She rings a bell, and a second and
more youthful woman servant appears.

"Show these young ladies to their

rooms, Catherine, and wait upon them.
Are you too fatigued to come down
stairs again this evening ? If so, Ca-
therine will bring you whatever you
may desire to your rooms."

"We will, come down, madame, with
your permission," answered Marie.

"Very well, I dine at three. Early
hours best agree with me, I find. I take
tea at seven. It is now half-past six—
sufficient time for you to change your
dress. Your trunks shall be taken up at
once. You shall hear the bell at seven."

She motions to Catherine to lead the
way. Both young ladies make a sliding
obeisance in passing, which she returns
with a stately bend. A court reception
could hardly be more formal or cere-

monious, and all the way up stairs Marie is laughing softly to herself.

"*Ma foi!*" she thinks, "but that is a grand old lady—a grandmamma to be proud of! A fine house, too—carpets like velvet, pictures, statuary, satin hangings, mirrors—everything one likes most! We were wise to come!"

Their rooms when they reach them adjoin each other, are spacious and tasteful. The French beds, tucked up all white and tight, look tempting. Here, too, are pretty pictures, lace draperies, mirrors, gilt vases, and fragrant flowers.

"Ah, this is charming, is it not, *Petite?*" cries Marie, in French, "and the grandmother is an empress, my faith! This is different from the Islington lodgings, and our one grimy bedroom in the three pair back! Did I not say it was well to come?"

"We were not interlopers at Islington," Reine responds, curtly. "The grimy lodgings were home. I cannot breathe in this house! I feel as though

were in a prison!"

"You will outgrow all that," says the philosophical Marie. "Our aunt has brought you up badly, *Petite!* Here are the boxes. What shall we wear? Black, I suppose. I saw the eagle eye of grandmamma fixed on our poor gray serge, and it is an eagle eye—keen, side-long, piercing! As we have one black dress each, we cannot easily be at a loss. That, at least, is a comfort!"

She laughs when she says it. Her sister looks at her almost enviously.

"Would anything put you out, Marie, I wonder?"

"Not a fine house, a dignified grandmamma in rep silk and Chantilly lace, and a speedy prospect of high tea at least. How will you ever get through the world where every trifle has power to make you miserable?"

"Not very well, I am afraid," Reine sighs. "Send away this woman, Marie; see how she stares; we do not want her."

With a few dulcet words, Catherine is dismissed, and descends to the kitchen to extol to the sky the beauty and sweetness of the tall young lady. The little one is too dark and foreign-like, Catherine sapiently opines, has no pretty looks to speak of, and isn't no way so pleasant-spoken as the pretty one.

They dress—Marie in a tolerably new black silk, Reine in a by no means new grenadine. But both dresses in make and fit show French skill and taste, and both dress their hair in the prevailing mode, which, by some rare chance, happens to be a becoming one.

"I shall not wear a scrap of color anywhere," says Marie, as she fastens a cravat of black lace at her white throat; "it will not do to shock grandmamma's prejudices the very first evening."

She does not need color. The black silk sets off the fair face, the lovely bright hair is brilliance sufficient. She needs neither ribbon, nor flower, nor jewel to enhance her beauty, and she knows it.

"I shall wear what I always wear," says Reine, and when the grenadine is on, takes from one of the bouquets two deep crimson roses, and fastens one in her breast, the other over her left ear, and lights herself effectively in a second.

The tea bell rings as she turns from the glass, and they go down stairs. Catherine awaits them in the lower hall, and ushers them into that particular apartment where Longworth was the other night received, and where Mrs. Windsor always takes tea. One brief comprehensive glance she gives them, and there is a slight compression of the lips as she sees the red roses. But she makes no comment; she points out their seats, and takes her place to preside. Marie glances complacently over the well-appointed tables; young ladies, as a rule, are the farthest possible from epicures; Mdlle. Landelle is an exception. Quantity she may not care for, quality she certainly does; first-rate dinners and perfect cookery she has not always been used to, but she knows both, and can appreciate both when she gets them.

Out of consideration for their exhausting day of travel, the table is abundantly and substantially spread, and at the head of her own table, Mrs. Windsor, even to her unwelcome granddaughters, is almost gracious. People said this lady had "charming manners," was a "perfect hostess," and they said right. Even the enemy who broke her bread and ate her salt became worthy of consideration for the time. But when the

meal ended and she arose, she slowly but surely froze again. She sat down, her ringed hands crossed in her lap, and watched her granddaughters as they moved about the room. There was a piano in a corner, and Marie opened it, and ran her fingers over the keys with a skilled touch. Reine stood at the windows, and watched the sweet summer twilight falling, and the sweet summer stars come out.

"There are one or two things I would like to say to you, young ladies," Mrs. Windsor begins at last, "but perhaps it is almost too soon to speak to-night. It is always best to come to a perfect understanding as speedily as may be; it saves possible unpleasantness in the future. But if you wish I will defer what I have to say until to-morrow."

"Whatever you wish, dear madame," Marie is gently beginning, when Reine turns suddenly from the window.

"Madame is right," she says, a ring of decision scarcely to be expected in her tone, "it is always best to know precisely how we stand at once. We do not wish you to defer on our account anything you may have to say until to-morrow."

"Very well." She looked surprised, and slightly displeased at the abrupt interruption. "If you will leave that window, and sit down, all I have to say can be said in a very few minutes."

Reine obeys. Marie takes a low rocker, Reine seats herself in Longworth's especial armchair, her small face looking white and still in the faint pale dusk.

"I need not tell you," begins Mrs. Windsor, in her very coldest voice, "that when your mother eloped with your father she was discarded from this house at once and for ever. I need not tell you that she wrote me many letters imploring pardon and—money. I need not tell you those letters, one and all, were consigned to the fire, and never answered. All this you know. When your father wrote of his wife's death, it did not move me. I neither grieved for her, nor regretted her. I had cast her out of my heart many years before; she had been dead to me from the hour she became Monsieur Landelle's wife. When, later, you informed me of his death, it did not, as a matter of course,

concern me at all. But when still later, young ladies, you wrote announcing your intention of coming here it became necessary to take some decisive steps. You merely said you were coming, and you gave no address to which I could write to prevent that coming. Still I took decisive measures—the first being to make my will."

She pauses. The dusk is deepening in the room, the three figures sit motionless, the low, harsh voice of the speaker alone breaks the twilight silence. Marie sits, one hand over her eyes; Reine sits, both hands clenched hard and fast in her lap, as one might in the mute agony of physical pain, her eyes gleaming in the semi-darkness.

"I am a very rich woman," pursues Mrs. Windsor; "there are few richer than I am to-day. I made my will, and I bequeathed every atom of that wealth which has been accumulating in the Windsor family for nearly one hundred years to the only human being on earth I greatly care for, the gentleman who brought you here, Mr. Laurence Longworth. What I care for him you need not know—the fact remains. My will is made, and at my death all that I possess is bequeathed to him."

She pauses again. Still profound silence, and after an instant she goes on.

"The second step I proposed taking was to go to New York, meet you there upon landing from the *Hesperia*, pay your return passage, and send you back, settling an annuity on each sufficient, at least, to keep you from want. That was my fixed resolve. But before going I sent for Mr. Longworth and told him of my plans, showed him your letter, and informed him he was my heir."

Every few minutes Mrs. Windsor pauses, and in these pauses Reine can hear the beating of her own angry, rebellious, passionate heart.

"Mr. Longworth is a man of men, a gentleman of high honor and spotless integrity—he refused to accept the fortune offered him. He so positively refused it, that it became necessary for me to think of some other disposition of it. That, however, is a question for the future. I told him also of my intention of sending you back, and found him so resolutely opposed to it that I was forced to give it up. He pleaded your right to

come out so forcibly, that at last I yielded to his judgment. But I am only stating the simple truth in saying that you owe it entirely to him, your being here now—that these doors ever opened to receive your father's daughters. To Mr. Longworth's high sense of honor and right you owe whatever gratitude may be due for the home I give you, not to me."

Once again a pause. In the creeping dark Marie still shades her eyes; in Longworth's own chair Reine sits, with bitter hatred of Longworth rising and swelling in her heart.

"What I intend to do for you," pursues Mrs. Windsor, "is easily told. Being my daughter's daughters, and having received you, I feel it due to myself and my position to receive you becomingly. I shall present you to the best society at Baymouth at a reception next week; I shall settle upon you a yearly income, to be paid in quarterly instalments, in advance, sufficient to enable you to dress well, as become my granddaughters, without troubling me. Your first instalments will be paid you to-morrow, and, remember, I shall expect your wardrobe at all times to do me credit. Beyond that, you will be in all things your own mistresses, free to come and go, to mingle in society here, and to make friends. This is all I have to say. I have spoken plainly; but plain speaking is always best, and the subject need never be renewed. I look for neither gratitude nor affection—I need hardly say I do not expect to give it. And now, as you must be fatigued after your day's travelling, I will detain you no longer. We understand each other. Is there anything you have to say before you go?"

Both young ladies rise, and stand silently for a brief instant; then Marie speaks.

"Nothing, madame," she says in a very low voice. "I wish you good night!"

"Good night," briefly responds Mrs. Windsor.

Reine does not speak at all. She bows in passing, and receives a bend of the haughty head, and so they pass out of the darkening sitting room into the hall, The gas is lit there. As they go upstairs they hear Mrs. Windsor ringing for

lights—she does not like that haunted hour, twilight."

In their rooms, too, the gas is burning, and turned low. As Reine shuts the door, both sisters face each other in that pallid light.

"Well," says Marie, drawing a long breath, "that is over! It was like a douche of ice water on a winter morning! And to think that, but for the blonde monsieur with the cold eyes, we should be sent back in the next ship!"

"Marie," Reine cries, pale with passion, her eyes afire, her dark hand clenched. "I hate that man!"

"I do not," says Marie, coolly; "I thank him with all my heart. That high sense of honor of yours, monsieur, is eminently convenient. Thanks, Mr. Lawrence Longworth, for favors past, present, and to come!"

She sweeps him a mocking courtesy, then throws herself on her bed.

"I need not mind crushing my black silk," she says, laughing; "my one poor five-and-sixpenny silk! To-morrow our first quarter's allowance is to be paid. Oh, how sleepy I am! Lectures are always sleepy things. Reine, Petite, get rid of that tragic face and let us go bed!"

"To think," Reine says, in a stifled voice, passionate tears in her eyes, "that but for that man, that utter stranger, we would have been sent back like beggars, that but for his pleading we should have been scorned and spurned! Oh, I hate him!—I hate him!"

"I always said the aunt did not bring you up well, Petite. It is very wicked to hate any one. And the blonde monsieur is not an utter stranger to our gentle grandmamma, at least—did she not say he was the only being on earth she cared for? And once more I kiss his lordship's hand for the good he has done."

"Marie," Reine impetuously bursts forth, "I wish, I wish, I wish we had never come! I did not want to come! I would rather work my fingers to the bone than have dainties flung to me like a dog! Oh, why did you write that letter? Why did we ever come here?"

"Because it was wise to write, and well to come. Listen here, Petite."

She lifts herself on her elbow, and the

gaslight falls across the white loveliness of her face.

"It is very fine to talk of working one's fingers to the bone; but I could not do it, and would not if I could. I am young and pretty, I like silk dresses and soft beds, handsome rooms and good dinners, servants to wait on me and a fine house to live in. All these we are to have—all these we have a right to. I do not thank madame the grandmother, nor monsieur the friend—no, not that! It is our right and our due. Don't you remember what poor Leonce used to say, 'Man has a sovereign right to all he can get.' For all these good things we take a few cold looks, a few harsh words, and even these time will change. Go to bed, Petite, and never say again you hate Monsieur Longworth."

"Good night," Reine says, and goes at once.

"Sleep well, my angel," cheerily responds Marie.

And then the door between the rooms closes, and each is alone.

Marie goes to bed, and to sleep, but long after that beauty's sleep has begun and she lies in her darkened chamber, a vision of slumbering loveliness, and sweetness, and youth, Reine kneels by her open window, trying to still the tumultuous beatings of her undisciplined heart, trying to banish hatred, ill will, and all uncharitableness towards this stranger, and look at things calmly and reasonably like Marie.

But she is neither calm nor reasonable; and it is very long before she can crush down all that sinful anger and rebellion. Tears fall hotly and swiftly from between the fingers that hide her face, broken murmurs of prayers fall from her lips; something about strength for the accomplishing of the divine will, and with prayer comes peace. The one Friend who never refuses to hear, call when and where they will, the cry of sorrowing human souls for help, sends help and comfort both, and as she kneels the tears cease, and the starlight falls like a benediction on the bowed dark head.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE.

"FRANK, my dear," says Miss Har-

iott, "this is growing monotonous. I thought a week of New York essential to my happiness, but I find three days a great abundance. This perpetual, never-ceasing stream of men and women rushing up and down Broadway as if it were what they came into the world for is dazing me. The din and crash of the streets is beginning to bewilder me. If you would not see me a hopeless maniac on your hands, Frank, take me home, I conjure you."

Miss Hariott makes this speech at the hotel breakfast table, where she and Frank sit alone. The window at which they sit faces Broadway, and the usual ebb and flow of humanity that pours up and down that great artery of the city's throbbing, stormy heart at half-past nine of a fine May morning is at its height. Mr. Dexter, whose matutinal appetite and spirits are excellent as usual, protests that he lives but to obey, that the faintest of Miss Hariott's wishes are to him as the "firman" of the Sultan to a true believer, and that, although up to the present he has cherished the hope of encountering the "little ladies," he now at last resigns it as a hope all too bright and good to be realized.

"And I know that girl with the veil was pretty," says Frank, pathetically. "It is hard lines, after devoting myself as I did all the way across to Mademoiselle Reine, to part at last and forever without so much as one good bye. But such are the floorers of fate."

"How do you know you have parted for ever?" says Miss Hariott. "I don't countenance betting as a rule, but I am willing to wager a box of gloves—number six and three quarters, shade dark brown and grays—that before you are a week older you will have met again the 'little ladies.'"

"Done!" cries Mr. Dexter, and producing book and pencil on the spot, gravely enters the bet: "Six and three-quarters, dark browns and grays." "Miss Hariott, if you have their New York address let us go and call upon them at once. I shall never breathe easily until I have fulfilled my destiny and fallen in love with that girl with the golden hair."

"Frank, I wonder if all young men are as hopelessly idiotic as you are, with your perpetual talk of falling in love. As

if great hobbledehoys of two and twenty could know what the word meant. No, my precious boy, this is our last day in the city, and you are to take me to Greenwood and Prospect Park. That will occupy the day. We will get back to a six-o'clock dinner, and then we are going to see 'Rip Van Winkle,' and by to-morrow morning's earliest express we will shake the wicked dust of Gotham off our wandering feet and go back to Baymouth—fair Baymouth, peaceful Baymouth—sadder and wiser beings for all this foreign gadding."

"But you said—"

"Never mind what I said. Pay attention to what I am saying now."

"You said I would meet my 'little ladies'—"

"Mr. Dexter, I am on my way to my apartment to put on my bonnet for our excursion. You are to stand at this door and wait for me until I come down, and on penalty of the eternal loss of my friendship you are not so much as to name any ladies, little or large, in my hearing for the rest of the day."

Upon which Miss Hariott "sweeps" out of the room, and Frank sighs and resigns himself to his destiny. Presently she reappears; they hail an omnibus, and go rattling off to one of the ferries, to begin this last day's sight-seeing.

It is a long, warm, sunny day. Frank forgets his troubles and enjoys it, looks at all the handsome vaults, and monuments, and mausoleums with the complacent feelings that he is on the right side of them. Late in the mellow afternoon they return, and the programme is gone through, dinner, Booth's, and the last day in New York is at an end. Next morning sees them in the train, and next evening sees them safely back in Baymouth.

"Dear, dirty New England town!" murmurs Miss Hariott, as she lies back in the cab and watches with contented eyes the flitting familiar landscape. "Dear, disagreeable North Baymouth, I salute you! Frank, I would insist upon your coming home and stopping with me during your stay, only I know it would bore you to death, and that you would ever so much rather go to Mrs. Longworth's."

"Well, you see, says Frank, "Larry's there and the rest of the fellows, and I

always stop there, and it would put you out horribly to have a great fellow like me knocking about your little doll's house. Thanks all the same, Miss Hariott. It's awfully jolly to be with you—shouldn't wish for better company all my life—but it would put you out, you know."

"And put you out a great deal more," laughs Miss Hariott; "I understand, Master Frank. Give my regards to Mr. Longworth. Tell him to come and see me as soon as he can, and for you—show your gratitude for all the care I have taken of you since we met in the *Hesperia* by dropping in every day."

They shake hands and part. Miss Hariott's home is a cottage, many streets removed from either Mrs. Longworth's or the Stone House—a tiny, two-story cottage, with honeysuckle and Virginia creeper, and all sorts of climbing things in front, and grapevines, and thrifty peach and plum trees in the rear.

A doll's house, as Frank has said, with a big bay window bulging out of one end, filled with roses, and fuchsias and rich geraniums. A house "too small to live in, and too big to hang to your watch chain," as Longworth quotes, but amply large for Miss Hariott and her one handmaiden; large enough, too, for Longworth himself to be luxuriously lazy in many a time and oft.

The one servant, a tall, thin, beautifully neat and intelligent woman, opens the door to her mistress, at sight of whom her whole yellow face lights and glows.

"Well, Candace," Miss Hariott says, holding out her hand, "home again, you see. Ah! we don't need the old song to tell us there is no place like it. How good it seems to see the dear little house and your familiar face. And how are you, and how are the birds, and the flowers, and every thing, and every body?"

"Everything and everybody are well," Candace answers, smiling jubilantly all over her face, "and thank heaven that misses is back safe and sound. And Mass Larry's, missis, he's been here everyday a most to look after the garden and see that it was fixed as you liked. And there's a big bookay in the parlour now, missis, that he sent an

hour ago, 'cause he said there was no knowin' what afternoon you'd come. And tea's ready, missis, and jest as soon as I help fetch in these trunks I'll bring in the things. And, bless heaven, missis, that you's back again. I's been powerful lonesome now, I tell yer, since you went, and Mass Larry, missis, he say so too."

Miss Hariott goes into the pretty parlour, with its lace curtains and delicate adornments, its piano and well-filled music-rack, its tables strewn with all the latest books and magazines, and on a little stand Longworth's big bouquet. She glances at it and smiles—it is like him to think of her, and send this to welcome her. Everything in the room is associated in some way with him; these books and periodicals are from him; she is his reviewer sometimes when he is in a merciful mood; that sunny southern landscape over the mantel is his gift; there is his favorite place at the open-laced window, where through so many long, warm summer evenings, through so many blusterous winter nights, he has sat and talked, or read, or listened in a waking dream to her music—her true and good friend from first to last. And there is no one in the world quite so dear to her as this friend. He is the sort of man to whom many women give love, not alone the love of which poets sing and novelists write, as if human hearts held no other, but friendship strong, and tender, and true, all the nobler and more lasting, perhaps, because utterly unblended with passion.

While Miss Hariott sits in her cozy home, and sips her tea in the light of the sunset, Frank Dexter is dining with the boarders, retailing his adventures by land and sea. They are interested in these adventures, but far more interested in an event which is to come off the day after to-morrow. Mrs. Windsor—everybody there is profoundly interested in Mrs. Windsor—Mrs. Windsor's granddaughter's have arrived from Europe, and on the evening but one from this they are to be presented to Baymouth in form. They have been at the Stone House for four days, but no one has seen them yet, it would appear, except Longworth. Longworth met them in New York, Longworth escorted

them home, and has spent two evenings in their society, and Longworth has been plied with questions on all sides since with breathless interest and eagerness. Are they pretty?

But Mary Windsor's daughters, cry out the elders of the party, must of necessity be that, and then the Frenchman was said to be an uncommonly handsome man. That old, half-forgotten story that cropped up from the dust and ashes of the past, and Mary Windsor's romance of one and twenty years ago has rung the changes over and over during these four days at ever dinner-table of note in the town. And did Mrs. Windsor send for these girls, and are they to be her heiresses, and are they really handsome, and are they thoroughly French, and do they talk broken English, and will everybody Mrs. Windsor knows get cards? There is a fine flutter of expectation through Baymouth, and Mr. Longworth, of the *Phenix*, the only man who can enlighten them, wakes all at once and finds himself famous.

He takes the breathless questions that beset him in his customary phlegmatic way, smokes and listens, and laughs a little, and drops a few syllables that are as oil to the fire of curiosity.

Frank Dexter pricks up his ear as he listens with an interest quite as great as of those around him.

"Came four days ago, and landed at New York. The *Hesperia* landed four days ago at New York. What vessel did they cross in, Longworth?"

"The *Hesperia*," responds Mr. Longworth, placidly helping himself to mint sauce.

"By George!" cries Dexter, with an energy that makes his hearers jump, "that is what Miss Hariott meant when she bet the gloves. Mrs. Windsor's granddaughters are my 'little ladies'!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE NOTE OF PREPARATION.

FRANK DEXTER is excited as he listens to the information given by Longworth at the end of our last chapter. Explanations are demanded and given.

"Are their names Reine and Marie?" Frank asks.

"Marie and Reine—Marie is the elder. Calm yourself, my Baby," replies the

unemotional Longworth ; " this sort of thing is eminently detrimental to the proper exercise of the digestive organs."

" Hang the digestive organs ! Is Mdlle. Reine small and dark, with splendid brown eyes, very white teeth, a delightful smile, and just the faintest foreign accent ? "

" All these good and pleasant gifts Mdlle. Reine rejoices in, my Baby. Splendid eyes, as you say, large, dark, luminous, with a sunny smile in them. And there are so few eyes that smile. Now for the other."

" Ah ! I never saw the other. She kept her cabin all the way, and I only had a glimpse at her veiled. But I have had a conviction from the first that she must be stunningly pretty."

" Stunningly is hardly an adverb of sufficient force when applied to Mademoiselle Landelle. She is the prettiest woman I ever saw. It isn't a question of eyes, or nose, or complexion, or hair, or shape—though these are all about perfect, I should say. Beauty and grace encircle her as a halo ; she walks in them ; they surround her as an atmosphere. Everything she does, or looks, or says is graceful still. In short, Mademoiselle Marie Landelle is one of those masterpieces of creation which refuse to be described, which must be seen to be believed in."

All this glowing eulogium Mr. Longworth pronounces in a tone devoid of any particle of earthly emotion, with a face guiltless of the faintest trace of admiration or enthusiasm. He goes placidly on with his dinner as he talks, and passes his plate for some more peas as he concludes. Mrs. Longworth laughs shortly as she returns the plate.

" Are you in love with her, Lawrence ? I never heard you so enthusiastic about any one before."

" Did you not ? " says Longworth. " I thought you had. His eyes lift from the peas, and fix first on her and then on her daughter. " I remember I used to bore you with my rhapsodies long ago ; but a man who runs a daily and weekly *Phenix* has hardly time for that sort of thing."

" You couldn't do better Longworth, " says Mr. Beckwith ; " each of these girls will get a million and a half. And if she's

the beauty you say, it would pay better than the *Phenix*. A fellow like you owes a duty to society—he ought to marry and settle."

" And faith it's a settler, I'm told, most men find it, " murmurs O'Sullivan in his corner.

" It's something every man of thirty owes to his country, " pursues the speaker, who is himself a full decade over that golden age, and a bridegroom of barely two months' standing.

" Thirty-one and a half, lazily responds the editor.

" It's something no fellow can understand, " says Mr. O'Sullivan, still *pianissimo*, " why men, when they run into the matrimonial noose themselves, are so eager to drag their fellow mortals into it. " It's the old principle that misery loves company, I suppose."

" At thirty-two every man should be, as St. Paul says, the husband of one wife—"

" I beg your pardon, St. Paul never said anything of the sort."

" He said every bishop should be the husband of one wife—"

" Longworth's not a bishop, " interrupts Frank, " so the text doesn't apply."

" In such high feather as you are with the old woman, too, it will be the easiest thing in the world for you to go in and win—"

" Don't call Mrs. Windsor the old woman, Beckwith. She wouldn't like it ; no more do I, " cuts in Longworth, and disgusted with all these interruptions, Mr. Beckwith relapses into his dinner.

" And when is the party ? To-morrow night ? " inquires Frank. How many of you have invitations ? "

No one has an invitation, it would appear, except Mrs. Longworth and Mrs. Sheldon. Personally, Mrs. Windsor likes neither of these ladies, but they are connections of Longworth's, and as such are bidden. The boarders do not belong to that inner circle who visit at the Stone House. Longworth, being the house friend of madame herself, his invitation goes without saying.

" I wish I had a card, " Frank says, plaintively. I used to be on the Windsor visiting list. I wonder if she knew —"

" I think I may venture to take you,

Baby," says Longworth, as they rise from the table; "though it is an act of wanton cruelty to expose that too susceptible heart of yours to the battery of Mademoiselle Marie's dazzling charms. Even if you do go clean out of your senses at sight, promise to try and restrain yourself for this first evening, for my sake, won't you?"

Frank is ready to promise anything. They go on the piazza, seat themselves, produce cigars, and light up. The women flutter about them, and Mrs. Sheldon, in a dress of palest blue, against which her plump shoulders glisten white and firm as marble, takes a hassock at Longworth's side, and looks up at him.

"Is she really so pretty, Laurence—so very, very pretty?"

He glances down at her. The warm afterglow of sunset is flushing sky and sea and shore—it flushes, too, for the moment Laura Sheldon's milk-white skin, or else she colors under the steadfast look of Longworth's eyes."

"Totty, when you don't wear white, you should always wear blue. Very sweet thing that in the way of dresses. What may its name be?"

"What nonsense! This dress pretty! Why, it is only my old blue Japanese silk."

"How old?"

"Oh, ages and ages. I got it last summer."

"Ages and ages, and she got it last summer! What are you going to wear to the party, Totty?"

"Pink," says Mrs. Sheldon, and her face dimples and smiles, and she clasps two rosy-ringed hands on his knees and looks up into his face with infantile blue eyes. "Salmon pink, you know—that lovely, delicate shade—and my pearl necklace. Are you going to dance? You don't always, you know!"

"I know—my unfortunate chronic laziness. I look upon dancing as so much idiotically violent exertion for no particular result; but I intend to do myself the pleasure of waltzing with you. We always had each other's step, you remember, Totty."

Mrs. Sheldon's heart gives one great sudden beat. Remember! Does she not? What Laura Sheldon nine years ago threw from her as she might a soil-

ed glove she would give a year—yes, full half her life—to win back now. She removes her hands suddenly, and there is silence. Longworth puffs serenely, apparently profoundly unconscious of the result of his words. It is the lady, however, who speaks first.

"But all this is not an answer to my question," she says. "Is Mademoiselle Landelle so very very pretty, Larry?"

"The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life," is the prompt and uncompromising answer.

She bites her lips. For little Mrs. Beckwith, the bride, has approached, and enjoys her discomfiture.

"Is she dark or fair?"

"Fair, of course. Did I ever admire dark women?"

"The question is, said Mrs. Beckwith, pertly, "did Mr. Longworth at any period of his career admire any woman, dark or fair, even for one day?"

"Have I ever made any secret of my admiration for the ladies of this household? As far as my friendship for Beckwith has permitted me to show it, have I ever made any secret of my admiration for—"

"Oh, nonsense! But really and truly, ever so long ago, when you were quite a young man, for I don't pretend to call thirty-two young, did you ever seriously admire any woman, fair or dark—in the way of falling in love with her, I mean? Because I believe, Mr. Longworth, you belong to the coldblooded kingdom, and couldn't fall in love if you tried."

"Half-past seven," says Longworth looking at his watch. "Miss Hariott has come home, and I must call upon her. Totty, you knew me when I was a young man, tell Mrs. Beckwith how I used to lose my head for blonde beauties in that fossil period; now, I havn't time. Ladies, I go, and leave my character behind me."

Longworth approaches Frank, who, at the other end of the stoop, is renewing his acquaintance with his friend Polly. Polly turns from him at sight of a more friendly face.

"You'll come to grief, Larry! Nom du diable! Sacr-r-re bleu! You're a fool, Larry! You're a fool! you're a fool!"

"There was never such a vituperative old virago," says Longworth, looking affectionately at Polly, who sits with

her head to one side, and her black eye upon him. "Come with me to Miss Hariott's. She's used up, I dare say, after her day's ride; still I want to see her, if only for a moment."

"He links his arm in Frank's, and they go up the street together under the eye of the boarders.

"Lucky man, that Longworth," says Mrs. Beckwith; "one of those fellows born with a silver spoon in their mouths."

"Don't seem to see it," retorts Mr. O'Sullivan. "He hasn't converted the spoon into specie yet, at laste. The *Phaynix* is all very well, and pays, perhaps, but it isn't a fortune, and never will be."

"I don't mean the *Phenix*. I mean these French girls. Sure to marry one of 'em, and come into a whole pct of money when the grandma dies. Awfully sweet on him, the grandma."

"Isn't it a thousand pities she doesn't take him herself, then, and have done with it?"

"A man may not marry his grandmother," quotes Mr. Beckwith; "but he may marry somebody's granddaughter. Then he can hand the *Phenix* over to you, O'Sullivan, and fancy it is after dinner all the rest of his life."

"I have just been telling Mr. Longworth, Harry, that I do not believe he ever was in love in his life," says vivacious Mrs. Beckwith, "and he refers me to Mrs. Sheldon for proof."

"And what says Mrs. Sheldon, my dear?"

"Nothing, which is suspicious. A little bird whispered to me the other day that he once was in love with Mistress Totty herself. I begin to believe it."

"And we always return to our first love," says Mr. Beckwith, "and smouldering flames are easily rekindled."

"But the hard thing on earth to relight are dead ashes," says his wife, under her breath.

But Mrs. Sheldon hears, and rises suddenly and leaves the group.

"Don't it strike you, ladies and gentlemen, that this discourse is the laste in the world in bad taste?" suggests O'Sullivan. "Mrs. Sheldon heard that stage aside of yours, ma'am. Suppose

we let Longworth and his love affairs alone, Beckwith. He lets ours, you may take your oath."

He certainly was letting them alone at that particular moment. Still smoking his cigar, his arm through Frank's, he walks slowly along the quiet streets in the gray of the summer evening. The young factory ladies, dressed in their best, are sauntering by, each on the arm of her sweetheart, pianos tinkle here and there through the silvery dusk, stars of light begin to gleam behind closed blinds. The trees stand green, motionless sentinels; wafts of mignonette greet them; the bay spreads away into the shimmering, far-off line of sky, and stars pierce the hazy blue. It is an hour that has its charms for Longworth, and in which his silent familiar takes possession of him; but Frank is inclined to talk.

"What an odd fish you are, Larry," he is saying, in an injured tone. "Why couldr't you tell me that night in New York that these young ladies were with you? I spoke to you about them. You must have known what I meant."

"Don't talk to me now, that's a good fellow. I never can thoroughly enjoy a good cigar and talk, and this is capital. Shut your mouth with me."

"You know I don't smoke, that is why you are so uncommonly generous. I consider it a beastly habit—a man making a funnel of himself. There I was hunting New York, like an amateur detective, three whole blessed days, and all the time these girls were here."

"Baby, let me alone. Let me forget there is a woman, young or old, in the scheme of the universe for five minutes, if I can."

"Yes, that is so likely, and you going hot-foot to visit one. You would not even let me come to see you off that morning, because they were with you. You may think this friendly if you like, but I don't."

"Frank," says Longworth, removing his cigar and looking darkly at him, "if you don't hold your tongue I'll throw something at you."

Frank's grumbling subsides. But he is heard for a moment or two muttering about dogs in the manger, and the beastly selfishness of some people; but this dies away and profound silence be-

fitting the hour and the editor's humor falls upon him. They are some twenty minutes in reaching Miss Hariott's cottage, where lights shine cheerily, and whence merry music comes. Miss Hariott rises from her piano, not at all too tired to greet and welcome the two gentlemen.

"It is good to see you home again, Miss Hariott," Longworth says, throwing himself into a big chair, a genial look in his eyes. "Whenever, during your absence, I felt particularly dead tired and despondent, when subscribers refused to pay, when all the world was hollow and life a dreary mockery, I used to come here and sit in this chair, and have in Candace, and talk of you. I used to bring your letters here to read. I don't say doing this was altogether satisfactory, but it was the best that could be done under the circumstances."

"Don't believe a word of it, Miss Hariott," interposes Frank. "A greater humbug than Longworth never lived. Instead of spooning here with Candace and weeping over your letters, he was in Mrs. Windsor's back parlour drinking tea. I never thought it of you, Larry; but you are turning out a regular tame cat. Beckwith—though a fool in a general way—was correct in his remarks at dinner to-day, by George! If a fellow doesn't marry, and give half a dozen hostages to fortune before he's thirty he's certain to develop into a tame cat."

"Then let us trust you will act up to those noble sentiments, Baby, and present your first hostage to fortune, in the shape of a wife, as soon as may be. Though at the same time the *role* of tame cat is by no means to be despised. Do you put in an appearance at Mrs. Windsor's 'small and early' on Thursday night, Miss Hariott?"

"I have a card. Yes, I think so. Frank, don't forget those gloves—six and three-quarters—"

"Dark browns and grays. Oh, I'll not forget, although I think it was awfully unhandsome of you, Miss Hariott, to keep me in the dark. I don't so much mind Longworth—it's like his selfishness; but I wouldn't have expected it of you. How long have you known who they were?"

"Do you remember that night when

she refused to sing in the saloon of the Hesperia, but said she hoped to sing for us yet? It flashed upon me at that moment."

"By Jove! what it is to be clever. But then my head was always made of wood—never had a blessed thing to flash upon me in my life, give you my word. Longworth says the one I didn't see and wanted to see is a gem of the first water. In fact, as he raves so much about her beauty, and as his talent for domestic fiction is so well known, I begin to believe she is pockmarked. Did you see her?"

"I had a glimpse of her that last day in saying good bye, and I did not notice any pockmarks. It is as well, however, to take Larry's enthusiasm with a pinch of salt. A poet in the past is apt to be rhapsodical in the present."

"Don't allude to the poetry, I implore," says Longworth.

It is really one of the few vulnerable places in his armour, that bygone volume of Shelley-and water. Miss Hariott possesses a copy, and holds it over him in perpetual *terrorem*.

"Miss Hariott," says Frank, "I searched every bookstore in New York for a copy of Larry's poems—oh, good lud, poems!—and give you my honor I couldn't find one. Now, you have the book, I believe. Look here—all ladies like diamonds—I'll give you the handsomest diamond ring in Tiffany's for that book."

"If she does," says Longworth, "I'll have your blood with the bootjack before you sleep to-night."

"I managed to get a copy of his novel," pursues young Dexter. "'Fire and Flint,' That wasn't hard to get, bless you! The publisher issued five hundred for the first edition—thought he had got hold of a New York Dumas, *etc.*—told me so—and he has four hundred and seventy-five on his shelves to this day. That was seven years ago. You had better think it over, Miss Hariott. No one will ever make you such an offer again—the handsomest solitaire in Tiffany's for Longworth's poem!"

"Thank you. I'll think of it," responds the lady. "It is a pity the gifted author couldn't have sold them all at the same price. Laurence, tell me how you like our two young ladies from France?"

"One of them is not from France. Barring the slight drawback of having been born in Paris, and having had a French father, she is to all intents and purposes an English girl. She has lived in London all her life."

"And the other in Rouen. She told me that, although she was wonderfully reticent about herself. Think of the little brown-eyed pussy sitting there so demurely day after day, listening to Frank and I discoursing Baymouth, and never dropping a hint that she was going there."

Longworth laughs slightly.

"She is a young person who can keep her own secrets if she has any to keep, and hold her own with the stately grandmother. I don't think Mademoiselle Reine and Madame Windsor will hit it off well. Mademoiselle is wiser in her generation than the little one."

"I can't like Mrs. Windsor," says Miss Hariott impetuously. "I can't forgive her for being so flinty to that poor daughter of hers. How dare she leave her in poverty because she ran away with the man she loved? I suppose poor Mary Windsor did die poor?"

"Madame Landelle certainly died poor—extremely poor, from what I can learn. Marie is communicative enough. Landelle taught French and music—mamma was always ailing—who ever knew an American matron who was not always ailing?—her doctor's bills so ran away with poor Landelle's earnings that they were perpetually in debt, perpetually receiving notices to quit from indignant landladies. I can infer, too, that poor mamma was fretful and fractious, eternally bewailing the luxury of the past and the misery of the present. I think that unlucky Hippolyte Landelle must have realized the dismal truth of the proverb about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. I think he fully expiated his sin of running away with an heiress. But she is dead now, rest her soul, and on the whole Madame Windsor is disposed to act generously towards her granddaughters."

"Is she disposed to act kindly?" inquires Miss Hariott, abruptly.

"Well, you know, indiscriminate kindness is not one of the weakness of her nature. In her own way, and if they will let her, I think she is."

"What do you mean by 'if they will let her?'"

"If they are like Uriah Heep, 'umble, if they humor her, if they take pains to please—"

"If they cringe, if they crawl, if they toady—bah! I have no patience with the woman, nor with you either, Larry, when you defend her."

"Come away, Miss Hariott, don't let your feelings carry you away. She is kind. Does not the party look like it?"

"This party is for her own sake, not theirs. I am the greatest lady in the land. It is due to me that my granddaughters are received into the very best circles of this manufacturing New England town. Having received them, a slight shown to them is a slight shown to me. I do not like them, they are intruders, but I am Mrs. Windsor of the Stone House, and nobility obliges. Therefore they shall be presented to awestricken and admiring Baymouth in a grand *coup de theatre* on Thursday night. Don't let us talk about it. I have no patience with the woman, I repeat."

"So I perceive. I think it would be better and more like you, Miss Hariott, if you had. She is a profoundly disappointed woman—disappointed in her ambition, her love, and her pride. And it is not your *metier* to be hard on the absent."

"Thank you, Larry, says Miss Hariott, and holds out her hands. "You are a friend. Come, what shall I play for you? Here is one of Chopin's marvels in two dozen flats, and no end of double sharps. Will you have that?"

They linger long, and Candace brings in tea and transparent biscuits. Longworth is "tame cat" enough to like tea, and sips the cup she gives him with relish. They fall to gossiping about new books, until Frank, whom literature naturally bores, yawns dreamily, and brings the eye of his hostess upon him.

"Take that child home and put him to bed," she says to Longworth. "We might have known it was dreadfully indiscret to allow a boy of his tender age to sit up until a quarter to eleven. Good night, Franky; good night, Larry, and thank you for everything."

They go home to the white house facing the bay, all ashine in the light of the young June moon, and Frank springs up to bed, whistling "My love is but a lassie yet." He would like to dream of his 'little ladies,' he thinks; but neither the dark, dreamy-eyed Reine, nor the girl with the golden hair, visit his sound slumbers all night.

CHAPTER X.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

THE evening comes. There is flutter and pleasant tumult in many Baymouth homes, as maids and matrons, sons and fathers, array themselves for Mrs. Windsor's grand field night. It is a radiant summer night, sweet and starlit, scented with the odour of dewy roses and mignonette—a perfect sight for youth, and gladness, and feasting, and making merry.

After considerable ruminations, in which she has ignored the young ladies and taken counsel of Longworth, Mrs. Windsor has decided that it shall be a dancing party. Not an absolute ball—the word implies too much—but something supposed to be friendly and informal, with a sit-down supper, cards, and conversation for the elders, and unlimited dancing and flirtation for the young ones. She had thought of a dinner party at first, but heavy dinner parties were not favorably regarded in Baymouth, and when Mrs. Windsor did open her house, she honestly wished to please her guests. To maintain her own dignity was, of course, always the best essential; but that maintained, why, then, everybody must go home delighted.

Longworth, too, who knew Baymouth tastes, pronounced in favor of the dance; so a dance it was to be, with a band and a supper from Boston.

Of all who stood before their mirrors and arrayed themselves sumptuously, not one young beauty of them was in a more feverish flutter than Frank Dexter. An irresistible and ridiculous longing to see this goddess described by Longworth was upon him. He would be glad to meet Mlle. Reine once more, of course, and see those deep, dusk eyes light into sunshine as she welcomed him; but that other, that unseen sister,

it was of her he thought as he dressed. He grew hot and angry in the struggle with buttons and collars, and cuffs and studs, and neckties and gloves before his glass. Never had he labored so hard, never had he been so disgusted with the result. Certainly it was not a handsome face Frank saw, and the genial boyish jollity that was its principal attraction was sadly marred by an anxious scowl to-night. But he finishes at last, and flushed and heated, goes down to wait for Longworth.

Waiting for Longworth is, if possible, a more trying ordeal than dressing. Longworth has gone back to the office after dinner in his customary coldblooded and unexcitable manner, remarking casually that he may be late, as there is a broadside of vituperation to be poured into a brother editor in next morning's edition, but will endeavor for Frank's sake to slaughter the enemy in as brief a space as possible. Nine comes, and there is no Longworth. A quarter past, and Mrs. Totty Sheldon, dazzling in the salmon pink and pearl necklace—an old *gage d'amour* of Longworth's by the way—her large, beautiful arms, and plump, polished shoulders sparkling in the gaslight, sails in.

"Will I do, Frank? Do you like my dress? Are you coming?"

"Can't, unfortunately, yet awhile—waiting for Longworth. Impossible for me to go without him, you know. Your dress is ravishing, Totty—you are bound to be the beauty of the ball."

"No hope of that, I fear. You forget Larry's description of Miss Landelle. Only I wonder if he meant it. Well, *au revoir* for the present."

She gathers up her rich train, and takes his arm to the cab waiting at the door. Mamma, in a golden brown silk that has seen some service, follows, and they drive off. Frank paces up and down, growling inaudible anathemas upon Longworth, lingering over his imbecile newspaper paragraphs for no other reason, Frank is convinced, than to exasperate him into a brain fever.

But all things end, and presently the laggard comes, the red tip of his cigar announcing his approach from afar off, with his usual leisurely and deliberate step. No human being can recall the

phenomenon of seeing the editor of the *Phenix* in a hurry.

"Dressed, my Baby?" he says, springing up the steps. "Hope I havn't kept you waiting, dear boy."

"But you have kept me waiting," growls Frank. "Perhaps you don't happen to know it is ten minutes to ten. What poor devil of an editor were you pitching into last night? It appears to have taken a great deal of killing. You must been enjoying yourself abusing somebody, or you never would have scribbled until this time of night."

Longworth does not wait for these reproaches. He runs up to his room, and sets about his toilet with celerity and despatch.

"Awful nonsense," he says, as Dexter, still rather huffy, follows, "obliging a man, because you ask him to enjoy himself, to undergo the tortures of putting himself inside a sable-tail coat, and neither garments first. This grey suit is new and neat, well-fitting, and comfortable, but it would be a deadly sin against the ordinances of society to go in it to Mrs. Windsor's to-night. I am a wiser, happier, and better man in it than I am in the regulation white tie and swallow-tail."

But when the white tie is tied, and the swallow-tail on, Dexter has his doubts about it. Certainly Longworth looks well, as most tall, fair men do, in full evening dress, no detail wanting, even in the tiny bouquet for the button-hole, one tuberose and a sprig of heliotrope.

"He isn't half a bad looking fellow when he likes," Frank thinks, moodily. "I suppose that is why the women all like him. For lots of women like him and always have, and I suppose, as Beckwith suggests, he'll go in for Mrs. Windsor's heiress, and win her too."

The thought is depressing, and in gloomy silence Frank sots out by his side at last. But Longworth is inclined to talk, for a wonder, and does talk, although Mr. Dexter's replies are sulky monosyllables. A sense of strong personal injury weighs upon this young gentleman—a sense he would have found it difficult to explain—as if Longworth's undeniable good looks and unexceptionable get-up were matters of direct personal wrong and insult.

"You seem a trifle depressed and low-spirited to-night, dear boy, don't you?" suggests Mr. Longworth, cheerfully, "as if you had a secret sorrow preying upon you. Or, perhaps it's bile—it struck me you were looking yellow at dinner. Or, perhaps it's a presentment of some coming evil—the sort of thing people have in books, when the lady of their love is going to elope with another fellow. If it is a presentment, my Baby, it is not yet too late. Yonder is Mrs. Windsor's—say but the word, and across that fatal threshold you shall never pass."

"Bosh!" returns Mr. Dexter, with suppressed savagery; "for a man most people seem to think sensible you can talk more horrid nonsense than any fellow alive. I suppose I may have my silent fits too. Now, for heaven's sake, don't let us have any more of your chaff, although I am not the editor of a two-penny newspaper, for here we are."

Here they were certainly. Every window aglow, its long gray front all alight, many carriages in a line before the gate, peals of dance music coming up through the open door, the grim Stone House may well wonder if "I be I" to-night. They enter a little room where other men are assembled, and do as those men are doing—give hair, and tie, and vest, and gloves one last adjustment, give moustaches one last loving twirl, then pass out and on to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Windsor is receiving her friends.

"Courage, my Frank," says Mr. Longworth; "we will only see grandmamma this first time. The ballroom, where the Demoiselles Landelle it is to be presumed are tripping the light fantastic toe, is farther on. In poor George Windsor's time it was billiard-room; but tables and balls went long ago, and the floor is waxed, and the heir of all this is food for fishes. So the glory of the world passes away. Come on."

"Upon my word you are a cheerful spirit, Longworth," says Frank, in disgust. "Wait one moment, I say, who is that beside her?"

"Yes, my Baby, pause and look. Many moons may wax and wane before you behold anything else one-half so lovely. There she stands—queen, lily,

and rose in one—Mademoiselle Marie Landelle."

In a large chair Mrs. Windsor is seated, beautifully and perfectly dressed, more uplifted, more majestic, more awful, it seems to Frank, than ever before. A little group surrounds her, a tall young lady stands by her side.

At this young lady he looks, and with that first look forgets there is another human being in the house—in the world. He stands and gazes, and falls there and then abruptly, and hopelessly, and helplessly, and irretrievably in love on the spot.

"Oh, heavens!" he says, below his breath; "what perfectly dazzling beauty!"

"Ah!" says Longworth, "I told you so. I see she has knocked you over; but restrain yourself, my Baby. Calm that frenzied fire I see in your eye, and come and be introduced. Be brave and fear not. If you ask her prettily, I dare say she'll even dance with you."

He moves on, and Frank follows, but with a dazed way. He is vaguely conscious that the tall young beauty is dressed in floating, gauzy, translucent white, all puffs and bunches, and trailing yards behind her. He sees, as if in a dream, tiny clusters of violets all over it, a large cluster on her breast, a bouquet of white roses and violets in her hand, and still another knot in her hair.

He has never seen such hair. It falls in a rippling shower, in a crinkling sunburst, to her slim waist, and yet it is banded, and braided, and twisted in a wonderous combination on her head at the same time. What a lot of it she must have, Dexter thinks, still dazed, and what a stunning colour; and were ever any of the dead women of long ago, for whom worlds were lost, and conquerors went mad, and heroes gave up honor and life, one half so lovely?

All this time they were slowly approaching "the presence," and in a dreamy way Frank is conscious that Longworth is talking.

"I knew it would be a floofer," that gentleman is remarking; "but not such a floofer as this. She's uncommonly pretty, there can be no doubt—looks like the 'Blessed Damozel' or as Andersen's 'Little Sea Maid' must, when she got

rid of her fish tail and danced before the prince. Still, allowing for all that, your attack is awfully sudden. Try and get rid of that sleep-walking look, Baby, or, when you are presented, Miss Landelle may be pardoned for thinking I have in charge an able-bodied young lunatic."

Frank is conscious that his admiration is perhaps a trifle too patent, and pulls his wits together by an effort. They are in "the presence" now, and Mrs. Windsor has always had the refreshing effect of an iced shower bath upon Mr. Dexter's nerves.

She pauses in her conversation, and the old pleased and softened light comes into her cold, turquoise blue eyes.

"You are late," she says, graciously. "I have been watching for you. That tiresome office, I suppose?"

Mr. Longworth apologizes. Yes, it is the office. He bows to Mdlle. Marie, who greets him with a bewitching smile, and draws forward Frank.

"You remember my young kinsman, Frank Dexter, Mrs. Windsor? He is visiting Baymouth, and presuming upon your old friendship for him, I have taken the liberty of bringing him to-night."

Mrs. Windsor's welcome is dignified cordiality itself. Yes, she remembers Mr. Frank very well. Any friend Mr. Longworth may bring is welcome for Mr. Longworth's sake, but Mr. Frank is welcome for his own. Then she turns to the brilliant young beauty at her elbow, and says—

"My granddaughter, Miss Landelle—Mr. Dexter."

"Mr. Dexter and I are very old acquaintances, grandmamma," says Miss Landelle, smiling; "or at least we came near being. We crossed in the same steamer."

"Indeed."

"And he and Reine know each other like old friends. I kept my berth all the way, and knew nobody. She will be very pleased to meet you again, Mr. Dexter."

Frank murmurs something—the pleasure is his—aw—hopes Mdlle. Reine is well—um—trusts Miss Landelle has quite got over her *mal-de-mer*. He is not usually at a loss in young ladies' society; his words generally flow freely and fluently enough; but he is so visibly

embarrassed stammering out this that Longworth compassionately comes to the rescue.

"Where is Mademoiselle Reine? In the ball-room, dancing, I suppose. You have not forgotten, I hope, Miss Landelle, that you yesterday promised me the first waltz?"

"Mr. Longworth, I wonder you have the audacity to speak of it. The first waltz, sir, is over."

"And I come late. Ah! unfortunate that I am, tied to the treadmill of business and unable to break away. But surely there is a second. Is not that a waltz they are begining now? Pardon the past, and give me the second."

"Shall I, grandmamma?" she says, smiling. "Can you spare me?"

"Certainly, child. I have no intention of detaining you here all the evening. Go and waltz by all means."

"Come on, Frank," says Longworth, over his shoulder, as he bears off his radiant vision, "and say how do you do to Mademoiselle Reine."

Frank follows. Up to the present Longworth has been one of his ideals, up to-night he has been more or less "wrapped in the sweet and sudden passion of youth toward greatness in its elders," but at this moment deadly emotions of rage, hatred, revenge are stirring in his bosom. Yes, there can be no doubt of it—it is patent to the dullest observer—Longworth will win and wear this daughter of the gods, this queen rose of girlhood, this one of all the women of earth he, Frank, feels that Fate has created for him.

But in the ballroom, flooded with gas-light, filled with music, brilliant with beautiful ladies, those dark, and direful musings pass. Mr. Dexter has fallen in love, suddenly it may be, but desperately, and gloom and jealousy, and despair, Love's pleasant handmaidens, are gnawing already at his vitals. At the same time he is only three and twenty, is in a state of splendid vitality, is a tolerable dancer and immoderately fond of dancing, and the light returns to his eye, a thrill to his pulse, and he looks about him for a partner.

"Monsieur Frank!" says a voice. "Oh, it is Monsieur Frank!"

He turns and sees a fairy in rose silk, rose and black, an artistic combination,

roses in her dark hair, roses in her hand, a perfume of roses all about her, and with eyes like brown diamonds.

"Mademoiselle Reine."

She gives him her hand and smiles up in his eyes. He has thought often before—he thinks it again now—what a beautiful sunny smile she has.

"Have you seen Marie and been introduced? But of course you have. Did I not tell you that night on the ship that we should meet again? Mees Hariott understood, she tells me, but you did not."

"You were terribly silent and mysterious, mademoiselle, and I never was a good one at mysteries. Are you engaged for this waltz, Mademoiselle Reine?"

"Monsieur, I never waltz, it is against my convictions; but the next is a quadrille, and I kept it for you. I knew you were coming, and I knew you would ask me. Among all these strangers, not one of whom—except Mees Hariott and Monsieur Longworth—I have seen before, you seem altogether like an old friend."

"Thank you, mademoiselle," he responds, with emotion. In his present blighted state it is something to hear words like these from the lips of her sister. Ah! if she would but speak them. "I ask nothing better of fate than being my whole lifelong your friend," he said aloud.

Mdlle. Reine opens her brown eyes for a second rather surprised. He does not see it; his eyes are following Longworth and a certain gauzy figure that seems to float in a white cloud, gyrating round and round.

"How beautiful your sister is," he is on the point of saying, but he bites his lips and stops. "Your sister does not resemble you at all," is what he does say.

"Oh, no she is a thousand times prettier. How well Monsieur Longworth waltzes; one so seldom meets with a gentleman who can waltz really well."

"Longworth is a sort of Admirable Crichton I find. Where is there he does not do well?" retorts Frank, with bitterness, for with every praise of his rival the iron goes deeper and deeper into his soul. "I presume he and Mademoiselle Marie are friends for life already?"

"I don't know what you mean by friends for life," says Reine; "they are friendly enough for two people who have only known each other for one short week."

"But there some friendships that do not require time, but spring up full-grown in an hour!"

"Really!" thinks Mdlle. Reine, this is very odd. "Has Monsieur Frank been dining late, I wonder?"

They join the dancers as she thinks it. As a dancer Frank does not shine; even as a dancer of square dances his feet are in the way, and so is his partner's train. Mdlle. Reine of course floats about like a Frenchwoman, and prevents him from upsetting himself and her. Longworth, meandering by, still with the beauty of the night, nods encouragingly in passing, and she laughs. The laugh is at his awkward plunges, Mr. Dexter feels, and is the last drop of bitterness in his already brimming cup. Mrs. Sheldon, in the next set, goes by, and darts an angry glance at his rose-silk partner—the rose-pink and salmon-pink are swearing at each other horribly, the rose naturally having the best of it. It is evident she and Frank can sympathize on other grounds, for the look she casts after Miss Landelle is almost as gloomy as Frank's own.

The hours of the night, set to music, sweet with flowers, bright with illumination, are danced away. Outside, under the stars and trees, beyond the iron railing, groups of factory hands linger, and listen, but as the midnight approaches they flit away, and solitude wraps the dark and lonely street. Through it all Frank sees, and Mrs. Sheldon sees, and Miss Hariott sees, and Mrs. Windsor, slow to see, but seeing at last, that Mr. Longworth is devoting himself to Mdlle. Marie as no one remembers ever to have seen him devote himself to any young lady before. Yes, Mrs. Sheldon remembers once—so long ago it seems—when he looked upon and listened to her as he is looking and listening to-night.

"Is he falling in love?" Miss Hariott wonders as she watches. "Well—why not? She is wonderfully pretty—too pretty almost. She will be very rich—it will please Mrs. Windsor—it is time

he married, and she looks gentle and sweet. Why not?"

The seemed no "why not?"

"Only I wish it were the other one," adds Miss Hariott, inconsequently, as Reine comes up to her; "she is dearer and sweeter, and better by far."

But Miss Hariott had no reason for judging thus, and so has to confess. Of the elder sister she knows nothing, except that beauty so rare and great rather prejudices her unfavorably than otherwise.

"She is too beautiful to be anything but silly and shallow, and selfish and vain," so illogically and rather uncharitably reasoned this impulsive lady. "Men fancy a beautiful soul must go with a beautiful face of necessity. I wish it were Reine. But, like all men, he is ready to pass the gold and take the glitter."

Once before supper Reine keeps the promise made on ship-board, and sings for Miss Hariott. But as the rich, full, silvery contralto fills the long drawing room, others flock in, surprised and eager. Miss Hariott is perhaps the most surprised of all—she can appreciate the beauty, and compass, and power of that deep, strong, sweet voice.

"My dear," she says, in her amazement, "who would have dreamed you could sing like this? Of course I knew from your face you could sing; but who was to tell me we had caged a nightingale? A finer contralto I never heard."

The girl glanced up, a flush of pleasure in her eyes.

"Yes, I can sing; it is my one gift—more precious to me than anything else in the world. Aunt Denise had the very best masters for me, and I studied hard. Not for drawing-room performances like this, you understand, but—for the stage."

"The stage."

"Yes; that was the aim of my life—the operatic or lyric stage. Of course all that is at an end—for the present."

"For the present?"

Reine looks up again. She sees Mr. Longworth at Miss Hariott's side, and perhaps it for his benefit that swift, dark flash gleams in her eyes.

"For the present. One day or other I shall realize my dreams and face the world for myself, and win my own way."

I think there can be nothing in the world so sweet as the bread one works for and wins. Here is something you will like; shall I sing it?"

She sings again. Surely a fine voice is one of heaven's best gifts—a gift to stir the heart beyond even the power of beauty. The loveliness of the elder sister is forgotten for the time even by Frank Dexter in listening to the rich, ringing sweetness of the little dark girl who sings.

Supper comes. Still devoted, Mr. Longworth takes down the daughter of the house. Reine goes with Frank. And Madame Windsor, matchless in her easy grace as hostess, sees, and a light slowly dawns upon her—a light that is pleasant and altogether new. Laurence Longworth had rejected her fortune, but as the husband of her granddaughter even his fastidious honor may take it and be satisfied. It will be a most judicious and excellent thing if he marries Marie.

The girl is certainly superbly handsome; even upon this cold and repellent grandmamma that face worked its way. Her manners are what a young girl's manners should be—gentle, and yielding, and sweet. The other she does not like; she is cold, she is proud, she is repellent, she takes no pains to please. If young Dexter, who will be very rich, by any chance should fancy her, it will be a happy release. But for Longworth, to marry Marie is the very best thing that can possibly happen.

"And if I tell her to marry him, of course she will. Her inclination need have nothing to do with the matter, even suppose a possible lover in the past. And a girl as handsome as that is not likely to have reached the age of twenty without lovers. Still, having been brought up on French principles—convenient things French principles—she will take her husband from the hand of her guardian when she is told, and make no demur. Yes, I am sincerely glad she is pretty and pleases Laurence."

They break up early; by three o'clock the last guest is gone. It has been a very bright and charming little reunion. Whatever Mrs. Windsor does she does well. She has presented her granddaughters to Baymouth society in a manner that reflects credit upon her and

them. Miss Hariott kisses Reine as they part.

"Good bye, Little Queen," she says. "Come and see me to-morrow, and sing for me again. You sing like a seraph."

Frank and Longworth go as they came, together. Longworth is in excellent spirits still, and a cluster of violets has taken the place of the tuberose in his button hole, violets that an hour ago nestled in Marie Landelle's glistening hair.

"What thinkest thou, O silent Baby," he says, "of the girl with the angel's smile and the angel's face, and the head for Greuze? Doth yonder moon, most gloomy youth, shine on anything else one-half so lovely?"

"Mrs. Windsor's champagne was heady, but you needn't have taken quite so much of it," is Frank's cold and scornful retort.

"Cynic!" And the imputation is unjust, for it is the intoxication of peerless beauty and grace, not the vintage of *la veuve Cliquot*, that has turned my brain. Tell me, my Baby, what you think of her, and don't be sardonic. It pains me to hear a little thing like you talk in that grown-up way."

"You're a fool, Longworth!" says Frank, and wrenches his arm free. "And as she hasn't accepted you yet—for I suppose even your cheekiness wasn't equal to proposing to-night—I wouldn't be quite so cock-a-hoop about it, if I were you."

Longworth only laughs. He can afford to laugh, Dexter thinks, bitterly.

"Good night, Baby," he says, in a friendly voice. "Try and get rid of that pain in your temper before morning."

Frank's response is sullen and brief. He goes up to his room and tosses for hours on his bed with the serene pink dawn smiling in upon him, and the songs of a hundred little birds sounding in the tree.

"I knew I should fall in love with her, he thinks, with a groan; "but if I had known Longworth was to have her I would never have set foot in that house. I made a joke of it, by George, but it will be no joking matter to me all the rest of my life."

(To be Continued.)



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

SCOTLAND'S MUSE.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

"Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnnie Groats,
If there's a hole in a' your coats—
I rede you tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes—
And, faith, he'll prent it."

BURNS thus adddressed the sons of old Caledonia when Grosse the antiquarian was going the rounds of Scotland. Every day the same stanza could be applied to some one, for every day the old romantic tales of the Highlands, the mist-clad mountains and the shrine-adorned vales call forth the comments of the poet, the orator, or the essayist.

Scotland had her ancient bards, such as are described by the Laird of Abbotsford in his "Lay of the last minstrel." In the Percy ballads we find almost all the legends of the land rescued from oblivion and set forth for the use of those who intended to enlarge upon them and increase the literature of Scotia.

Down to the sixteenth century, scarcely any modern bards are to be found. But at the commencement of that age, Sir Robert Ayton, attempted to bring before the world through the medium of the English language some of the noble ideas and wild romantic feelings which take origin in those Highland regions. And, at the end of that century William Drummond blended many tender and touching thoughts into his pretty ballads—and opened out a road for the Earl of Montrose who flourished alone in the seventeenth century.

Here a blank may be remarked in the cultivation of the muse in Scotland. The eighteenth century had only two poets of any fame—The first in date, but not in fame, was William Falconer who wrote "The Shipwreck" and a number of other nice pieces—the second was Robert Burns whose fame is worldwide.

Burns was the Scotch poet. He was poor, but he had a glorious mind and he loved nature and studied her arts and sang for the people and gained an im-

mortal name. Burns is the only man that really marked the literature of the eighteenth century.

We have often remarked that every century has its particular epochs when the genius of her *literati* seems to blaze forth—Scotland is no exception. We will see that the close of the last and the beginning of the present century forms the most glorious epoch in Scotch literature. But it was necessary, in order to give it that impetus, that some most powerful hand should touch the chord. Burns was the one to whom it was allotted to start the wheel which has ever since kept turning.

A simple ploughman, he arose to be one of the most admired and most cherished of Scotland's great men. As a poet he is simple, sincere and faithful to nature—In no place do we find the emotions of the soul more clearly and nobly pictured than in his sweet lines—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw"
or in

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon"—
or again in—

"Go fetch to me a pint o' wine"—
Do you wish to read of an old and long-felt deep-rooted affection? then read—

"John Anderson, my Jo, John."
If we seek a contented spirit and wish to see such a thing described we have—
"Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair."
And wheresoever the toast of long past friendship and goodly-fellowship is proposed we hear repeated—

"Shouldauld acquaintance be forgot?"—
Again if we seek the patriotic chant, the herioc war song, we have

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—
And for independence and exalted feelings of manhood the world at large cites—

"A man's a man for a' that."
We cannot dwell long on Burns—But he was nothing less than the great commander of all Scotland's bards. He is the only one of fame in his century—he is enough to render immortal, not one, but a dozen ages.

Naturally, when the spirit of song was awakened by him, others would spring up to retune the lyre that hung silent upon his tomb. He called forth

from the past the misty sprites of Highland lore and the sons of old Caledonia were loath to let them retire again into oblivion.

Scarcely were the remains of Burns interred in the poet's tomb, than a host of really splendid bards sprang up to awaken the echoes of the hills and to people the mountains, the streams, the lakes, the castles, the abbeys, the ruins, and the woods with a million spirits of the legendary times.

Joanna Baillie's "Heath-cock" like in style to Burn's ballads reminded the peasants of the hills and dales where they spent the happy hours in "chasing the wild-deer or in following the roe."

And Lady Anne Barnard's "Auld Robin Gray" became the household song of the children.

Then James Beattie wrote his "Minstrel" which gave a new color to the poetry of the land. But Beattie is famous more for one of his shortest productions than for his lengthy pages of the "Minstrel." Beattie's fame is encircled around his sweet and holy poem—"The Hermit."

Then, in the same time we find Allan Cunningham (the author of "The Poet's Bridal-day song"), and James Grahame and James Hogg. It was the latter who wrote "when the Kye come Hame"—a true Scotch ballad, in form, in sentiment and in idea. John Home—author of "Norval" and William Knock the writer of the late President Lincoln's favorite poem—"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud,"—John Leyden poet of "The daisy"—"Noontide" and a number of other very nicely written pieces,—John Gibson Lockhart who is famous for his production—"The Broadswords of Scotland,"—Lady Narin who gave to the children of the last century "The Laird o' Cockpen,"—and William Thom who composed the touching ballad known as "The Mitherless Bairn"—all go to make up the principal stars in the system that illumined Scotland's poetry during the end of the last century and beginning of the present one.

But no system, howsoever brilliant, can be perfect or even exist without a central point around which it may revolve. All those just mentioned derived their force and impulse from the read-

ng of Burns and drew their ideas and images from the magnificent panorama of Highland landscapes. Although they would suffice as to number and quality to make of their age the golden era of Scotch literature, yet they were all inferior to the three great lights that shine upon that horizon. We will refer to this trinity of bards in their respective ranks and according to their respective merits.

The first is James Montgomery—who wrote a number of splendid and lengthy poems. He stands forth as a master and no wonder that Scotland would be proud of him and that his fame should be great when such a man as Washington Irving loved to read and recite his magnificent chant "Make way for Liberty."

Next to Montgomery, and perhaps a step higher in the scale, comes Thomas Campbell. In speaking of Spencer we said that he sought inspiration in the scenes of the Munster valleys, and for Campbell we can say that, for one of his best and most successful compositions, he found a subject in the child of the same land—we refer to "The Exile of Erin."

Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" gave him, at one stroke, a high place amongst the poets. His touching description of Poland and her woes, called forth a sentiment of sympathy from all who read his works; "The Pleasures of Hope" held him aloft at a certain height, until he raised himself still higher by the splended effort of his "Gertrude of Wyoming." As Moore sang of the East which he had never visited—so sang Campbell of this new World which he had never seen. But Campbell is the poet of the soul—and it is in his matchless ballads that he most excelled.

Some critics have said that Campbell wrote his ballads in a style that none dare ever attempt to imitate. For metre, for rhythm and for idea and feeling they are unsurpassed in English. These ballads have given him the place which he now occupies on the honor-roll of Scotland's great poets.

His "Locheil's Warning" is a splendid, wild, weird composition. By no means can we better judge of the success and merit of a poem than by watching how frequently it is cited by every class

and every creed. And where is the line in English more frequently quoted than—"Coming events cast their shadows before!" His "Hohenlinden," "Ye Mariners of England" and his "Soldier's dream" are second to none in any language—and his "Flower of love lies bleeding" is matchless.

Before bidding good-bye to Campbell, we would remark that it was he who, when a child and asked to compose a piece on the changing of water into wine by our Lord, wrote this line—"The conscious waters knew their Lord and blushed."

After Campbell comes the King of Scotland's poets. The third and last and greatest of those three stars in the Augustan era of Scotia's literature was Sir Walter Scott.

Scott is known all over the world, not only to those who read the English language, but even to the French, the Germans and many other people, as "The Great Unknown" the author of *Waverley*. But Scott was renowned as a Poet even before he became known as a writer of romance. Here we should correct the expression, for he ever and always was the most romantic of authors.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was his first grand poem and it was his first romance. In it he has placed together the legends of the past and woven them most beautifully into a story of the days when "the harmless art" of minstrelsy was not a crime. He opens with that strange and powerful lament—"old times are changed old manners gone"—and he proves the sincerity of that regret by his ever constant efforts to revive the tales of the past.

In his "Lady of the Lake,"—his "Marmion," his "Lord of the Isles,"—his "Vision of Don Roderiek" and other lengthier poems he has followed up the great desire of his life—to bring forth the history of his people and of his ancestors and to give it to the world in the sweetest and finest of ways.

How touchingly noble are the feelings of regret which he displays when describing the old minstrel singing in Branksome Hall! How glowing and vivid the picture he draws of Melrose abbey, in the adventure of William of Deloraine! How patriotic the opening

of the second canto—"Breathes there a man with soul so dead."

Before coming down to the slower and more rugged path of the prosaic writer, with his longer poems he beautified the misty past.

Scott adorned the age, decorated and embellished the literature of Scotland. He bedecked with a thousand ornaments every spot of land from the North to the Border. He arranged, disposed of, rectified and put in tune and trim the legends which the peasants and old women taught him, while yet a child. Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, Benledi and Ben Veirlough have been peopled by Scott with a hundred thousand memories, all of the purest national color.

Of shorter poems his "Helvellyn" is beyond a doubt the sweetest and best. It would be of little use to say any more about the "Laird of Abbotsford" we might fall into the danger of dwelling too long upon a certain point and thus miss the object at which we are aiming.

With Scott ends the great age of poetry in Scotland. So far there has been only one such epoch in the history of that fertile literature. To what period are we to look for the next?

The present century gives us three Scotch poets of great merit—but by no means rivals of Burns or Scott. These three are Robert Buchanan, Charles Mackay and Aytoun. The first of these wrote in a very highland style, while the second seemed to lean more towards the Saxon. "Tubal Cain" is one of Mackay's most celebrated poems. William Edmonstone Aytoun is known to all lovers of genuine poetry by his "Execution of Montrose," "The Heart of Bruce" and his unrivalled parodies called the "Bon Gaultier" ballads.

These three poets bring us down to our own day and wind up, so to speak, the long series of Scotch bards that have flourished during a century and a half.

As in England we see each grand epoch commencing and ending with a great poet, so Scotland's age of song has Robert Burns as its *alpha* and Sir Walter Scott as its *omega*.

As Caledonia now stands there is scarcely a hill, or rock, or stream, or spot that is unsung. It is a romantic

country and has had its admirers and creators of romance. It is to-day as it was ages before Scott—the same

“Caledonia stern and wild—
Meet nurse of a poetic child !”

and to-day as in times gone by there is ample subject and material for great efforts and we doubt not but she still possesses the men who can wield the pen as well as the sabre.

MAN'S AGE.

Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accidents. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression “choked with passion,” has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young; weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run, the weak to burn out. The inferior animals which live temperate lives, have generally their prescribed number of years. The horse lives twenty-five; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea pig six or seven. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of the animals, is one that seldom lives his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to the physical law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that, he scarcely reaches on an average four times his growing period; the cat six times; the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard worked of all the animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is no reason to believe, though we can not tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflection.

CHIT-CHAT.

—What is that you are smoking, Tom?

Why; a

Real Havana—precious cigar
Gentle as manna—bright as a star

as the song says; *to be sure*.

Tom you are to be envied—you are a happy fellow—every dupe is. Is there anything that *is* what it *appears*? asks the cynic, and the cynic, peevish fellow! though not mathematically correct is not far wide of the mark. The old pagan philosopher who in the simplicity of his soul, and lantern in hand, searched the wide world for an honest *man*, had he in the interest of modern progress extended his researches into these our Christian days, would, depend upon it, Tom, have found it equally hard to find an honest *thing*. “We are not what we are labelled” might be written on every article we use. “Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar” says the *old* proverb. “Scratch a label and you'll find a fraud” ought to be the new one. It is certainly not encouraging as far as friendships go, to find all our pets nothing else but what Lord Denman would have called “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare;” our champagne—Canadian cider in poor disguise; our “best Scotch”—Ontario water, Canadian proof very much below proof and blue stone; our

Real Havana! precious cigar
Gentle as manna—bright as a star

nothing but straw paper and extract of senna (not *manna*, Tom,) tobacco stems and liquorice root. To none perhaps so much as to you smokers of “real havanas,” are those words of Moore so thoroughly applicable

There—ye wise saints—behold your Light,
your Star;
Ye would be dupes and victims—and *ye are*.

We said, that it is not encouraging to find our pets nothing but mockeries, delusions and snares. But to find the much vaunted gentility of your “real Havana” begotten of nothing short of straw paper and extract of senna is worse; it is insult added to injury. By the days of our childhood, when senna was “good form” or as the French put it “chic” for worms, we declare it an

insult, Tom. To think that your *very* "precious cigar, gentle as manna, bright as a star," is only fit for the worm question—that your real havana is after all no havana at all, but both as to its "wrapper and filling" is good honest (perhaps we ought to say *dishonest*) Eastern States straw paper (seven to seven and a half pounds) manufactured in the pious Puritan States, if not with an eye to the business, at least with one eye shut to the business, is altogether too bad. And yet so it is. The wrappers are made of the lightest possible straw paper, known in the trade as seven to seven and a half pounds; this is stamped to imitate the veins of the tobacco leaf and then saturated with a decoction of tobacco stalks, senna and liquorice roots, and dishonesty only knows what. The straw paper used for filling is saturated with a similar solution, and the whole when smoked by the knowing ones is pronounced "real havana, when in truth all the Havana about it is a trip to Havana and back. Well! ye *would* be dupes and victims and—ye *are*.

—Perhaps we ought not to belittle this pleasing "mockery, delusion and snare" of your Havanas, Tom. It is unkind. The little fellows making sand castles on the beach, the little ladies making baby houses at home are all supremely happy in their way. And why not? "Little things please little minds," quoth the proverb. And if happy, where the unkind soul would dispel their happiness? And so with your smoker. If his pious New England straw paper (seven to seven and a half pounds) is to him a

Real Havana—precious cigar

Gentle as manna, bright as a star

who so ill-natured as to discount the paper? No; Tom, we will keep the secret religiously hidden in our hearts, not another word.

—And in the interests of health, which means light hearts and happy faces, your unreal "real havana," your pious and enlightened Puritan States straw paper is perhaps a head of the real thing. There is something truly philanthropic (man loving) in this combination of senna, liquorice root, straw paper, and tobacco juice. Again, we

say it, Tom; the secret must be religiously hidden in our breasts.

—You said just now, that it was Lord Denman who originated the expression, "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." I thought it was O'Connell.

No; Tom, *there* you were wrong. It was at the O'Connell trial, but it was not O'Connell. At the appeal to the House of Lords by the traversers five law lords were present. The Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, (Harry of the incompatible and uncontrollable temper) were for affirming the sentence of the court below; Lord Denman, Lord Cottenham and Lord Campbell were for quashing. It was on that occasion, that Lord Denman denounced the iniquitous manner in which the jury lists had been prepared [in poor Ireland 'tis ever thus] declaring that such conduct would render the law "a mockery, a delusion and a snare." Some people would have said, that such conduct *had* already made the law [in Ireland], worse than "a mockery, a delusion and a snare." Any way the biting truth of Lord Denman's words has long since made them pass into a proverb.

—It is with the Orangeman in his loyalty, as with the Protestant in his interpretation of Scripture. "It is *my* interpretation of the Scripture, that is, Scripture says the Protestant"—"it is *my* interpretation of loyalty," "that is loyalty" says the Orangeman. How far this interpretation *is* the true one, we do not care to consider. Queen Victoria has little cause to be grateful to it. The Orange plot discovered and exposed by Joseph Hume in 1835, for setting aside the Young Princess Victoria, (since by the Grace of God and to the confounding of Orangemen Queen of England) and putting the Duke of Cumberland on the throne, was loyalty interpreted by Orange ethics. No wonder the Orangemen of Kingston insulted the son, when the Orangemen of England had already striven to un-Queen the mother!

—They were afraid, they said, that the Duke of Wellington would seize the crown for *himself*. Poor fools! the ex-

cuse could dupe none but dupes. When the lamb drank the water *down* stream, and the wolf *up* stream, the wolf complained that she riled the water.

—“They were afraid the Duke of Wellington would seize the crown *for himself*”—and *therefore*, they would seize it *for another*. Brave logic! consistent Orangemen! *true patriots*!

—Short versus long sermons. Luther thought that though a man spoke with the tongue of an angel he should not preach longer than 25 minutes. A certain head master of one of our English schools (Rugby I believe) thinks that 25 minutes is the longest *intelligent* attention even an educated man can give at one time to any subject. Whilst on a visit to England we met with a curious theory or perhaps we should say practice on this head. Preaching for a schoolfellow, we noticed that at the commencement of our sermon many of the men deliberately disposed themselves for a nap. After the sermon we asked “James my dear boy! do you allow your congregation to sleep during the sermon? Why yes; Harry. In fact I rather like it. I let each one take his forty winks; and then I say something startling and for the rest of the sermon fresh from their nap they are all attention. This was a new view of the sermon question. Obviously the better plan would have been for both priest and people to have had their “forty winks” so that both might start fresh. In this as in many other things “what is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander.” Perhaps ours was too logical a conclusion from our friend’s premises.

—The cable says “the English Government will introduce a Coercion Bill simultaneously with a Land Bill.” Would it not be more like common sense and less red-tape-ish to wait awhile and let the Land Bill do the work of a Coercion Bill? But then *that* would be statesmanship.

H. B.

LAYS OF THE LAND LEAGUE.

“GRIFFITH’S VALUATION.”

Farmers, far and near,
Long despoiled by plunder,
Let your tyrants hear
Your voices loud as thunder;
Shout from shore to shore
Your firm determination
To pay in rents no more
“Than Griffith’s valuation.”
That’s the word to say,
To end their confiscation;
That’s the rent to pay—
“Griffith’s valuation.”

See, their cheeks grow pale
When that word is spoken;
Long and loud they wail
Because our chains are broken.
Yes the reign is o’er
Of begging and starvation,
For now we’ll pay no more
Than “Griffith’s valuation.”
That’s the word to say,
Down with confiscation!
Not a cent we’ll pay
But Griffith’s valuation.”

Now o’er all the isle
They scorn it and abuse—
Wait a little while,
You’ll see they’ll not refuse it.
Kneeling on their knees
They’ll say, in supplication,
“Oh! give us, if you please,
‘Griffith’s valuation.’”
That’s the simple way
To end their confiscation;
That’s the rent we’ll pay—
“Griffith’s valuation.”

Farmers, one and all,
From hill and dale and heather,
Hear your country’s call—
Band yourselves together:
Standing firm and strong
In dauntless combination,
You’ll have your lands ere long
At “Griffith’s valuation.”
That’s the word to say,
Down with confiscation!
That’s the rent we’ll pay—
“Griffith’s valuation.”

T. D. S. —*Dublin Nation.*

A MOTHER’S LOVE.—The mother’s love is a true and absorbing delight, blunting all other sensibilities; it is an expansion of existence; it enlarges the imagined range of self to move in. But in after years it can continue to be joy only on the same terms as other long-lived love—that is by much suppression of self and power of living in the experience of another.

HOW THE LANDLORDS OBTAIN- ED THE LAND OF IRELAND.

IN view of the arrest of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues in the land agitation, and their public assurance that their trials will be turned into a commission for the hearing of Irish grievances on the whole question, the following record, compiled from authentic sources, will prove timely for reference:

1547—The English confiscations of Irish lands began in the reign of Edward VI.

1553—The work of confiscation was continued by Philip and Mary, who laid forcible claim to the counties of O'Moore and O'Connor, since which time Leix and Offaly have been styled “King's” and “Queens” Counties.

1558—Queen Elizabeth confiscated remorselessly.

1572—Sir Thomas Smith failed to establish English settlers in Ulster.

1586—One hundred and forty proprietors were robbed of their lands in Munster.

1598—After the rebellion of Shane O'Neill, his estates, numbering most of the northern counties, were confiscated and vested in the crown. The Earl of Desmond's property, stretching over some of the fairest portions of Cork, Limerick, Kerry, Tipperary, Waterford, and Dublin, were seized by “her majesty's chief governor of Ireland.”

1611—James I. formed a scheme for the colonization of Ulster, by which the lands were divided into lots of 1,000, 1,500, and 2,000 acres, and only English and Scotch settlers were admitted. The Order of Baronets was established in this year to provide a fund for the defence of the new English settlement in Ireland.

1611—May 11. The first patent for land in Ulster was issued to Nicholas Bacon. James I., not content with planting a garrison of English and Scotch settlers in Ulster, sought to extend his plantation schemes to the other three provinces. A crowd of English adventurers, known as “Discoverers,” engaged in the work of dispossessing their rightful occupants. Leland, the historian, declares that the most iniquitous practices were used.

1649—August 15. Cromwell landed in Ireland. He confiscated four-fifths

of all the soil. He made a wholesale clearance of Leinster, Ulster, and Munster by his infamous Act of Settlement, ordering that every despoiled Irishman found on the bank of the Shannon should be shot.

1660—By the 14th and 15th acts of Charles II. there was another settlement. It was devised to confirm the Cromwellian settlers in the possessions which they had taken from the devoted Irish adherents of Charles the Second's father.

1692—A land tax of three shillings a pound on rental was levied.

1703—In the reign of Queen Anne a sudden fall in prices rendered farmers unable to pay rents.

1709—By an act of Anne no goods could be taken in execution unless the sheriff had previously paid the landlord his rent due.

1731—Under George II. arrears of rent were made recoverable by distress.

1812—The greatest rise in rents took place.

1822—The failure of the potato crop caused a famine.

1823—Under William IV. no arrears of rent were recoverable for more than six years. The act of George IV. preventing the sale of bankrupt estates was repealed.

1847—Great destitution of tenants; failure of the potato crop.

1849—Under Victoria further provision was made for the sale of bankrupt estates. July—Three commissioners were appointed to superintend the sale of encumbered estates.

1849—October 25. The Land Commissioners' Court in Dublin commenced its business.

1858—August 2. The Landed Estates Court was established to facilitate the transfer of land in Ireland. August 31—The Commissioners of Encumbered Estates ceased, having sold property to the amount of twenty-three million pounds.

1879—Michael Davitt and others propagated in Mayo and Galway the agitation against landlordism in Ireland, and labored for the spread of the Irish Land League movement.

1880—November 4. Charles Stewart Parnell and other leaders of the Land League summoned for trial.

THE HERMIT.

I.

'Twas eve as I climbed the dark crags of a mountain,
 The shadows fell deep as I scrambled along,
 At times I would halt by the rim of a fountain—
 And list to the nightingale singing a song,
 My way grew more rough as I upward ascended,
 With the far distant clouds the summit had blended,
 The eagle's wild screech from his eyrie descended,
 And far did the echo the shrill notes prolong !

II.

Away in the distance a light seemed to twinkle,
 It shone for a moment, and then it was gone ;
 On the mountain the night-shades now formed a wrinkle,
 The shadows fell deeper,—I felt me alone ;
 But still I toiled onward and still I drew nigher
 Along the dread cliff I went higher and higher,
 At last, as I rounded a black crag—the fire
 By the hand of a hermit trimm'd over me shone.

III.

And close by the side of his humble fire praying,
 The hermit was wrapp'd in communion with God,
 His beads and his vesper-prayer low he was saying,
 All breathless I list and all silent I trod.
 I felt, as along through that hollow pass gliding,
 Behind each projection in wonderment hiding,
 That now I had reach'd where a saint was abiding,
 And piously knelt on the sanctified sod !

IV.

I stood in the shade of a Sycamore bending,
 'Till the old man had finish'd his long fervent prayer,
 The moon o'er the top of the mountain ascending,
 Gazed down from her silver throne wonderous fair.
 Then out from the shade of the aged tree standing ;
 (The old man some food to a pet fawn was handing,)
 When he started at hearing a stranger demanding
 Permission to rest him the evening there.

V.

“ Kind father,” I said, “ Oh, forgive this intrusion,
 In truth I'm a wanderer faint and astray ;
 Your fire I first thought was an optic delusion,
 Appearing at eve on my mountainous way :
 But drawing still nearer, I saw it was real,
 All thankful to God for this haven I feel—
 As round yon gray crag I slowly did steal,
 I stay'd for a moment to list to you pray.

* * * * *

VI.

The night pass'd away and day light appearing,
 Reveal'd to my sight the hermit nigh dead—
 In the distance the pet fawn was cautiously nearing
 The spot, where at morn by the old man she's fed.

And as by his couch I was kneeling and sighing,
And knew for the hermit Time swiftly was flying,
He spake a short prayer—'twas all—he was dying,
A moment pass'd on and his spirit had fled !

VII.

Like a dream of the past that night oft comes o'er me,
Like a vision ideal I see that gray dawn :
Oft, oft do I gaze on the hermit before me,
Or dream he is dying or see the pet-fawn.
And oft do I think when at eve I am dreaming,
'Neath the pale silver floods from grand Luna streaming
That his pure spirit there in a halo is gleaming,
And flitting before me upon the green lawn !

VIII.

And oft do I fancy in tones of devotion—
His last fervent prayer on the breezes I hear,
With heart over-flowing with thrilling emotion—
I cherish these words of the old hermit seer !
“ Oh, God of Creation ! my life now is ending,
Oh, God of Redemption ! with clay I am blending,
My last humble prayer to Thee is ascending—
For Wisdom's bright gift, of Thee Lord the Fear !”

Green Park, Aylmer,

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

December 1st, 1880.

THE “INCONGRUITIES” OF
CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

A DIALOGUE.

PROTESTANT.—And then your bell ringing at what you call the Mass—how ridiculous it appears.

CATHOLIC.—To Protestants, yes ; to Catholics, no. How differently different people view the same thing ! The *incongruity* (for that I suppose is what you mean by ridiculousness) of our bell ringing during Mass arises from ignorance of its intention. For my own part how often have those little bells, with that sweet melody they scatter from their silver tongues, recalled my wandering thoughts as well in manhood as in childhood, back to my neglected prayers ! Often when worldly cares or human frivolities have lured my soul from church, my body still being there, have I found myself on the instant brought back as with a parental shake and told “ to mind my prayers.” Had any human voice dared to do this, my self love might perhaps have rebelled as against an impertinence, but those

silver tongues were privileged and could chide where others dared not ; they spoke so sweetly, they spoke so meekly and yet so authoratively withal. “ Attend to your prayers Christian soul ! collect your absent thoughts ! call back your wandering mind !” they said as plain as human language. Nay ; for the matter of that *more* plainly than any human language, because they spoke in a language known to all, rich and poor, lord and peasant, Greek and Roman man, Parthian and Mede and Elamite and inhabitant of Mesopotamia. It must have been with some such silvery tongues that the Apostles spoke on the great day of Pentecost.

But they speak, these silver tongued bells with greater meaning still. Our Mass is the Sacrifice of Calvary perpetuated on our altars. “ Do this in commemoration of Me.” The first time the bell rings is, when the officiating priest addresses the coming Saviour in those words of the Jewish multitude on His entry into Jerusalem five days before His Passion. Hosannah ! “ blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord Hosannah in the highest.” (Mark 11.9). This moreover is the beginning of the

solemn part of the Mass, and the bell is rung to announce that fact to the assembled multitude. And remember, in many cases there is an absolute necessity in this announcement. In our large cathedrals and with those immense crowds of worshippers which the Catholic Church is alone able to draw together many of the people are far away from the priest, so far indeed that without some such announcement as this silvery bell, they would not be able to follow the sacrifice. They are a necessity then (and therefore neither ridiculous nor incongruous) these silvery tongues. The solemn part of the Mass has been entered on with Hosannahs to the Son of David, and the fact has been announced to the congregation by the bell. The Sacrifice moves on apace. It is not meet that it should halt or falter for a moment. Unity demands that no gaps be found. A second time the bell rings, we are almost in the immediate presence of our God, come down from heaven at the voice of the sacrificer. "Attend Christian soul, with all your powers" says the bell. The priest is about to pronounce those potent words spoken of old at the supper table in Jerusalem. "This is my body" by virtue of which your Christ and Saviour will be present to you on this altar as he was present of old to his disciples in that supper room. "Attend! again I say attend." A third time the bell rings, this time with thrice repeated call. The words have been said — the Saviour has come, the celebrating priest has dropped on his knee to acknowledge His Presence — has elevated his Lord for the adoration of the faithful, and has again dropped on his knee in adoration, and all this has been announced to the prostrate faithful by that thrice rung bell. Again the bell rings, and again with thrice repeated call. As before with the bread, so again with the wine. Both have vanished to give place to the Sacred Humanity of our Lord — body and blood, soul and divinity under the outward appearances only of bread and wine. It is a great mystery — and that mystery has been proclaimed with no faltering tones by that little bell. No! unbeliever no! enter our churches during the celebration of Holy Mass — watch the bowed heads and wrapped attention of the

faithful — see the shudder of devotion that thrills through the congregation at each ringing of that bell, and then tell me, *if you dare*, that our bell ringing is ridiculous.

H. B.

IRISH LAND LEAGUE.

THE following address to the Irish people at home and abroad, and to all supporters of public liberty, has been issued by the National Land League:

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN AND FRIENDS—
At a crisis of tremendous importance to our country, we confidently address ourselves to you.

"The British Government of Ireland obeying the dictation of a privileged order of persons, a cruel and selfish class, for centuries past the burden and the curse of our land and people, have cast to the winds the traditions and the principles of that Liberalism to which they profess to be devoted, and have set in motion the legal power of the State, and availed themselves of the resources at their command in the public revenue, to arraign at a criminal bar the chief man of the Irish race, and with him others of the most active and distinguished laborers in the cause of Ireland's social regeneration.

"These public spirited men, full of sorrow and indignation excited by the suffering of their countrymen, have provoked the deadly enmity of the authors of this suffering, and have incurred the active hostility of the British Government, because they threw themselves, heart and soul, into our struggle for national progress — because they resolutely applied their energies and their talents in the service of a people who are victimized by a system which is a disgrace to this enlightened age, an outrage upon justice, and a mockery of Christian principles.

"Although our movement is directed against a code of laws so oppressive as to paralyse the one national industry of Ireland, and although we have been assailed with the most unscrupulous falsehood, yet can we solemnly declare, in the face of the civilized world, that all our objects are in keeping with perfect

justice to all men, and that all the means we have recommended for the attainment of these objects are reasonable, peaceful, and thoroughly legal, offending in no degree against natural right, moral obligation, or intelligent human law.

"Until a few months ago, when the Irish people banded themselves in the ranks of the Irish Land League, the tillers of the soil of Ireland, their families and their dependents lay utterly at the mercy of a few thousand landlords; who were armed by English laws with powers practically despotic, and whose hearts were steeled against the dictates of justice by the traditions of their class. They exacted what rent they pleased from the helpless slaves of their will; doomed families at their caprice to pauperism, exile, or death; wrenched from the hand of industry so large a part of its gains that the toiler was the slave of want; swept millions of Irish money out of Ireland every year; maintained in unabated force that exercise of their power which has left such hideous records of blood and woe, which has depopulated the fairest portions of our country, substituted beasts for men, pauperised the mass of our peasantry, struck cities, towns and villages with the ruthless hand of ruin, debilitated the whole nation, and, on the occurrence of even one bad harvest, plunged multitudes of the people into famine.

"By arousing public opinion, and organising public action we have already accomplished something towards reducing rent in Ireland to a level affording the tenant the means to live. We never will pause or rest from the labor we have accepted until public action has wholly swept away the system of law and landlordism which agonises our people. This great reform will be achieved, not by violence, not by threats, not by the breach of any law, or the evasion of any duty, but by continuing in that course which we have hitherto pursued, by teaching the people not to become themselves the instruments of the despotism under which they so long have suffered, and by directing public opinion against the acts of any persons who wilfully damage the interests of the people. No matter how lawyers may argue, or how judges may pronounce, or what Governments or Parliaments

may do, there is no law, no power, that can compel our nation to be false to its own interest, and consequently the nation, if true to its own interests, no matter who opposes, is sure to win.

"It is for acting in this great movement to abolish a despotism, to save a people, to substitute public order for private violence, to give industry its just reward, and every man his own, that our illustrious President, Mr. Parnell and some of his active fellow-laborers are now to be prosecuted by the agents of the British State. That State in former times, cast our people at the feet of the landlords, when it destroyed our manufactures by a series of enactments the most disgraceful of their kind that the history of the world discloses. And now, when our people endeavor to adjust to their national need the one industry left them—the one that could not be taken from them—by British law, the British State again steps in to continue the evil work of former days, and a so-called Liberal Government is not ashamed to unsheathe that rusty weapon, the law of conspiracy and wield it in the cause of the Irish landlords. Years ago, that Liberal Government caused a law to be enacted enabling the toilers in English cities to combine and act together against their masters. But when the toilers on Irish fields combine against masters more cruel and oppressive, the Liberal Government takes up the law rejected as unfit for English uses, and applies to the acts and words of Irish public men a fantastic and odious principle of unbounded responsibility.

"We therefore appeal to you, fellow-countrymen and friends of public freedom, to create a National Fund, the primary object of which will be to provide what defence legal skill can afford to men who have stood in the vanguard of this movement. All that money can do will be done to gain a victory over the leaders of the people. The English Government, commanding the unlimited use of the public purse, have already secured the services of the most powerful array of counsel ever engaged in a prosecution in our time. We feel entirely confident that you, on the other hand, will do what lies in your power to equalise the conflict, and to deprive

the prosecution of its present tremendous odds, by providing adequate funds for the defence.—Relying, in this great national crisis, on your sympathy and your aid, we beg to subscribe ourselves, your servants,

“THE IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE.”

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

ALL the Christmas holidays have, or may have, if they please, as is still the custom in many European countries—and a good, old reverential custom it is; some things in common, such as mincemeat, plum-puddings, holly-boughs, and games of play; but the three principal ones have each their indispensable accompaniment.—Christmas Day its log on the fire—New Year's Day its wassail-bowl—Twelfth Night its Cake. Every man may think he begins a New Year purely by entering into the first of January; but he is mistaken. The New Year is no more to him than the old one—the first of January nothing different from the thirty-first of December. The poor man walks in error. People if they could, have a right to hustle him back into the preceding week, and ask him what business he has out of his twelve-month.

Formerly, everybody made presents on New Year's Day, as they still do in Paris, where that lively people turn the whole metropolis into a world of cakes, sweetmeats, jewellery, and all sorts of gifts and greetings. The Puritans checked that custom in England, out of a notion that it was superstitious, and because the heathens did it in olden times; and the Catholics did and do it still; which was an odd reason, and might have abolished many other innocent and laudable practices—eating itself for one—and going to bed. Unfortunately, if the Puritans thought gift-giving superstitious, the increasing spirit of commerce was too well inclined to admit half its epithet, and regard the practice as, at least, *superfluous*—a thing over and above—and what was not always productive of a “consideration.” “Nothing's given for nothing now-a-days,” as the saying is. Nay, it is doubtful whether nothing will always be given for something. There are people,

we are credibly informed, taken for persons “well to do” in the world, and of respectable characters, who will even turn over the pages of THE HARP, and narrowly investigate whether there is enough wit, learning, philosophy, lives, travels, poetry, voyages, and romances in it, for ten cents.

This must be mended, or there will be no such thing as a New-Year by and by. Novelty will go out; the sun will halt in the sky, and prudent men sharply consider whether they have need of common perception.

Without entering into politics, something is to be said, now-a-days, for a Montrealer or citizen of this vast Dominion being averse to making presents; and, as it behoves us to make the best of a bad thing, reasons might be shown also, why it is not so well to have a formal and official sort of a day for making presents, as to leave them no more spontaneous occasions. Besides, if everybody gives, and everybody receives, where, it may be asked, is the compliment? and how are people to know whether they would have given or received anything, had it not been the custom?

How are they to be sure, whether a very pretty present is not a positive insult, till they compare it with what has been received by others? And how are men in office and power to be sure that in the gifts of their inferiors there is anything but mere self-seeking and bribery.

Dryden addressed some verses on New Year's Day to Lord Chancellor Hyde (Clarendon), which he begins as follows:—

My Lord,

While flattering crowds officiously appear
To give *themselves*, not *you*, a happy year,
And, by the greatness of their presents, prove
How much they hope, but not how well they
love, &c.

Here was a blow (not very well considered perhaps) at the self-complacency induced by the receipt of “great presents!” We grant, that (when there is any right to bestow it at all) a present is a present; that it is an addition to one's stock, and, at all events, a compliment to one's influence; and influence is often its own proof of a right to be complimented; as want of influence is

sometimes a greater. But, for the sake of fair play among mankind, every advantage must have its drawback; and it is a drawback on the power to confer benefits, that it cannot always be sure of the motives of those who do it honor. If a day is to be set apart for such manifestations of good will, the Birthday would seem better for them than New Year's Day. The compliment would be more particular and personal; others might not know of it, and so would not grudge it; and real affections would thus be indulged, not mere ceremonies. Make us all rich enough, and then we could indulge ourselves both on the New Year's Day and the Birthday, both on the general occasion, and the particular one. For, to say the truth, people who are not rich, and who, therefore, have nothing perhaps worth with-holding, are long in coming to understand how it is that rich people can resist these anniversary opportunities of putting delight into the eyes of their friends and dependants, and distributing their toys and utilities on all sides of them. Presents (properly so called) are great ties to gratitude, and therefore great increasers of power and influence, especially if they are of such a kind as to be constantly before the eye, thus producing an everlasting association of pleasant ideas with the giver. They tell the receiver that he is worth something in the giver's eyes; and thus the worth of the giver becomes twenty-fold. Nor do we say this sneeringly, or in disparagement of the self-love which must of necessity be, more or less, mixed up with everyone's nature; for the most disinterested love would have nothing to act upon without it; and the most generous people in the world, such as most consult the pleasure of others before their own, must lose their very identity and personal consciousness, before they can lose a strong sense of themselves, and consequently, a strong desire to be pleased.

Oh, but rich people, it will be said, are not always so rich as they are supposed to be; and even when they are, they find plenty of calls upon their riches, without going out of their way to encourage them. They have establishments to keep up, heaps of servants, &c.; their wives and families are expen-

sive; and then they are cheated beyond measure.

Making allowances for all this, and granting in some instances that wealth itself be poor, considering the demands upon it, nevertheless for the most part real wealth must be real wealth; that is to say, must have a great deal more than enough. You do not find that a rich man (unless he is a miser) hesitates to make a great many presents to *himself*,—books, jewels, horses, clothes, furniture, wines, or whatever the thing that he cares most for; and he must cease to do this (we mean of course in its superfluity) before he talks of his inability to make presents to others.

Allow us to add a few maxims for those who make presents, whether on New Year's Day or Birthday.

If the present is to be exquisite indeed, and no mortification will be mixed up with the receipt of it, out of pure inability to make an equal one, or from any other cause, the rule has often been laid down. It should be something useful, beautiful, costly, and rare. It is generally an elegance, however, to omit the costliness. The rarity is the great point, because riches itself cannot always command it, and the peculiarity of the compliment is the greater. Rare present to rare person.

If you are rich, it is a good rule in general to make a rich present; that is to say, one equal, or at least not dishonorable to your means; otherwise you set your riches above your friendship and generosity; which is a mean mistake.

Among equals, it is a good rule not to exceed the equality of resources; otherwise there is a chance of giving greater mortification than pleasure, unless to a mean mind; and it does not become a generous one to care for having advantages over a mind like that.

But a rich man may make a present far richer than can be made him in return, provided the receiver be as generous and understanding as he, and knows that there will be no mistake on either side. In this case, an opportunity of giving himself great delight is afforded to the rich man; but he can only have, or bestow it, under those circumstances.

On the other hand, a poor man, if he

is generous, and understood to be so, may make the very poorest of presents, and give it an exquisite value; for his heart and his understanding will accompany it; and the very daring to send his *straw*, will show that he has a spirit above his means, and such as could bestow and enrich the costliest present. But the certainty of his being thus generous, and having this spirit, must be very great. It would be the most miserable and most despicable of all mistakes, and, in all probability, the most self-betraying too, to send a poor present under a shabby pretence.

With no sorts of presents should there be pretence. People should not say (and say falsely) that they could get no other, or that they could afford no better; nor should they affect to think better of the present than it is worth; nor, above all, keep asking about it after it is given,—how you like it, whether you find it useful, &c.

It is often better to give no present at all than one beneath your means;—always, should there be a misgiving on the side of the bestower.

One present in the course of a life is generosity from some: from others it is but a sacrifice made to avoid giving more.

We must not send presents to strangers (except of a very common and trifling nature, and not without some sort of warrant even then) unless we are sure of our own right and good motives in sending it, and of the right and inclination, too, which they would have to permit themselves to receive it; otherwise we pay both parties a very ill compliment, and such as no modest and honorable spirit on either side would venture upon. There might, it is true, be a state of society in which such ventures would not be quite so hardy; and it is possible, meanwhile, that a very young and enthusiastic nature in its ignorance of the perplexities that at present beset the world, might here and there hazard it; but probably a good deal of self-love would be mixed up with the proceeding. The only possible exception would be in the case of a great and rare genius, who had a right to make laws to itself, and to suppose that its notice was acquaintanceship sufficient. For present-making then

upon New Year's Day, the case must stand as it may happen. It is no longer a *sine qua non*. People may make them or not, either on this day or birthdays, without, of necessity, proving their generosity or want of it—always provided they exhibit the present-making capability somehow or other in the course of their lives. But we cannot consent to rank ourselves among those who would let the day pass over without some distinctive mark of the good old Catholic times; especially as we trust that better days are in store for all the world, and will bring the best of old customs round again; and, therefore, one *virtue* we hold to be incumbent upon all thinking and generous people on the first of January, and that is the extending the hand of charity to the poor and needy. All the notions of men at present respecting the very mode and form of exhibiting mercy to the poor, are utterly unlike those which universally prevailed in ages of faith. Compassion was then to be increased by the presence of the suffering object, from which every one now endeavors to escape, like Hagar, unable or unwilling to endure the sight of what would awaken pity, and seeking relief in flight, exclaiming, I will not see the boy die.

Thibaud, Count of Champagne, used to give shoes and vests to the poor with his own hand; not only on the first of January and other festivals, but also frequently throughout the year; and being asked why he did so, he replied, that he chose to dispense them thus in order that, by giving and laboring personally, he might be the more moved to devotion and pity for the poor, and be disposed to practise always greater humility. Catholic charity is that which flies not from the view of misery and infirmity—which conquers the repugnance of sense by seeing only the immortal soul which suffers and is purified; the Catholic religion says, be generous, be merciful; relieve Christ in the person of the poor man, behold the sufferings of the wretched, and if the wretched do not come in your way, leave your way, and descend in search of them through penury's roofless huts and squalid cells. Catholic charity came by hearing, and descended by faith into the heart; it was a result of the con-

iction that the words of Christ in the Gospel, respecting those who relieved and neglected the poor, would hereafter be fulfilled; it was essentially, therefore, an intellectual act.

With Catholics the giving of alms on all festivals and on all occasions was an art, and, as St. Chrysostom adds, the most useful and precious of all arts.

We have done something in our time towards restoring this venerable and holy virtue in this city, and have reason to know that we succeeded in many quarters; and we hereby enjoin such of our readers as are not yet acquainted with it, but have sense and heart enough to deserve the acquaintance of God's poor, to set about preparing something against that merry-making day forthwith—such will be a real happiness: the very summit of earthly felicity. "For he who giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

AN AMUSING INTRODUCTION.—A well-known author many years ago wrote: Colonel Burr, who had been Vice-President of America, and probably would have been the next President but for his unfortunate duel with General Hamilton, came over to England and was made known to me by Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, with whom I was very intimate. He requested I would introduce him to Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively anxious to see. Colonel Burr was not a man of very prepossessing appearance; rough-featured, and neither dressy nor polished; but a well informed, sensible man, and though not a particularly agreeable, yet an instructive companion. People in general form extravagant anticipations regarding eminent persons. The idea of a great orator and an Irish chief carried with it, naturally enough, corresponding notions of physical elegance, vigor and dignity. Such was Colonel Burr's mistake, I believe, about Mr. Grattan, and I took care not to undeceive him. We went to our friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr, from America, Mr. Randolph and myself wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us

that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at that moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert. Randolph, also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes. At length the door opened, and in hopped a small, bent figure, meager, yellow and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head. The apparition saluted the strangers very courteously; asked, without an introduction, how long they had been to England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other; their replies were scant, and seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself, but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course, who appeared delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was by far the taller and more dignified looking man of the two—gray-haired and well-dressed. Grattan, therefore, took him for the Vice-President, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could shortly have the honor of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which our host, nor doubting they knew him, conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere to amuse himself. This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain. And taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honorable Henry Grattan. I never saw people stare so or so much embarrassed. Grattan himself, perceiving the cause, heartily joined in the merriment. He pulled down his shirt sleeves, pulled up his stockings, and in his own irresistible way appologized for the *outre* figure he cut, assuring them that he had totally overlooked it in his anxiety not to keep them waiting; he was returning to Ireland the next morning, and had been

busily packing up his books and papers, in a closet full of dust and cobwebs. This incident rendered the interview more interesting. The Americans were charmed with their reception, and after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, while Grattan returned again to his books and his cobwebs.

THE IRISH DEER HOUND.—An interesting paper is contributed to the *Zoologist* by Ernest Friedel, entitled “A German View of the Fauna of Ireland.” We give an extract on the Irish Deer-hound: “With the ancient Kerry cow may be classed the old Irish deer-hound, also fast dying out. . . . These hounds were valued by the Irish chieftains to defend their lake-dwelling (‘*crannoges*’) against the Danes and English. Of presents given by the King of Connaught are mentioned amongst others:—‘To the King of I-maine, seven dresses, seven coats, seven horses, seven greyhounds. To the King of Luigne, ten horses, ten goblets, and ten greyhounds. To the Prince of Cineal n-Aodah, seven slaves, seven women, seven goblets, seven swords and seven greyhounds.’ The conscientious chronicler O’Flaherty writes—“In the western ocean, beyond Imay are three little islands called Cruagh-ar-ni-may called by Sir James Ware (Ant. Hib. cap. xxviii. p. 287.) ‘*Insula Cuniculorum*’ on account of the number of rabbits found there. These islands are fatal to dogs, which die almost immediately on landing.” These islands are now called Crua Islands: they are untenanted except by rabbits, but no particular fatality amongst dogs is observable there at the present time. We will now speak of the wolf-hounds, and at the same time of their enemies, the wolves. In the “Present State of Great Britain and Ireland” (1738), it is said—“There are too many wolves in Ireland; the people are obliged to institute wolf-hunts, unless they should be devoured by them.” To this may be added a remark of Kohl’s: “One of the last wolves in Ireland (some say the last) is said to have been shot in the year 1712, in one of the glens on the coast.” A proclamation (of Oliver Cromwell), dated from Kilkenny, the 27th April, 1652, forbade the exportation of wolf-hounds from Ireland, in consequence of the great in-

crease of wolves there about that date, and the destruction of cattle by them. . . . In 1653, and even in 1665, large rewards were offered for the capture of wolves. O’Flaherty thinks that the “*wolfe dogges*” were of a different kind from the “*Canes venaticos quos grehoudi vocamus*,” mentioned by Camdem (p. 727). These greyhounds, which have smooth skins, are depicted by Waraeus on the title-page of his “*Hibernia*,” 1658. Dr. Smith, in his “Ancient and Modern State of the County of Kerry,” remarks that certain ancient inclosures were made chiefly for the protection of cattle against wolves, and that the latter were not entirely extirpated in Ireland until the year about 1710. Oppian, in his “*Cynegeticon*,” describes the Scotch terrier, but not the Irish wolf-hound. Symachus (about A. D. 500) refers to seven Irish dogs which were sent in iron cages to Rome, where their strength and fierceness excited great admiration. From a paper in the “*Linnean Transactions*” (vol. iii.) by A. Burke Lambert, in which he describes and figures a dog in the possession of Lord Altamont (son of the Marquis of Sligo), it appears that the Irish wolf-hound has wide pendent ears, hanging lips, a hollow back, thick body, smooth hide, &c. Judging from this description, it certainly differs from the Irish greyhound, which seems to have become entirely extinct.

THE SCOTTISH REGALIA SAVED BY A LADY.—In the days of Oliver Cromwell the Castle of Dunnottar, in Kincardineshire, was besieged by some of the Protector’s army, and the main object of the attacking party was to secure possession of the Scottish Regalia, which had been deposited within the fortress. Sir David Ogilvie, a brave Royalist, was in command of the Castle, and by him its defence was steadfastly maintained for some time; but at length the lack of water reduced the garrison to the greatest straits, and it seemed probably that all the treasure would have to be surrendered. Not so, however, thought Lady Ogilvie, the wife of Sir David; and an ingenious expedient was hit upon by her for securing it from the enemy. By some means this courageous lady procured leave from the English commander to quit the fortress herself, on

condition that she took away only her personal wardrobe and some wool which she kept for spinning purposes. Thereupon she left the Castle taking with her a donkey laden with two panniers containing the articles named; but in the inner folds of the wool Lady Ogilvie skilfully concealed the precious jewels, and these, when she got beyond reach of the fortress, she buried in the earth, and she kept them there until an opportunity came for restoring them to her Sovereign.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—Among the archaeological discoveries recently made by M. Morel at La Rochette, France, it appears that there is a very unique specimen of an ancient Gallic sword, used probably by a chieftain of that nation in about the third or fourth century, B. C., when grand invasions were made into North Italy and Macedonia. It has a blade about 29 inches in length and is thus clearly distinguishable from the Iberian swords, which measure hardly 18 inches in the blade, and from those which were in use in the Roman legions before the Iberian sword was introduced by Scipio from Spain. The hilt is not round like that of a Roman weapon, but flat, with rivets for attaching it to the material which the hand was intended to grasp. The specimen of Gallic swords already discovered, which are very few and rare, were mostly brought to light in Austria and in the Valley of the Danube. It is said indeed that in the whole of France only fifteen of them are preserved, and that all of these are imperfect. M. Morel's specimen is very well preserved and seems to have been made, not of that bad iron of which Polytius speaks, which bent easily and had to be forced back into shape by the soldier with his foot, but of a much better metal. The shape of the blade is bent outwards in the middle, instead of being slightly hollowed out, as were the Roman swords. It seems that this particular sword must have been a very choice and costly one, and that in order to have withstood the rust and other destructive influences with so little change it must have been made of steel, the use of which was very early known in Gaul.

A HOME PICTURE.

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door:
His good wife, Kate sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor,
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,
Her beams were as clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in the mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted right merrily:
Right merrily chatted they on, the while
Her babe slept on her breast,
While a chubby rogue, with a rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield:
A glorious yield in the harvest time,
And his orchard was doing fair;
His sheep and his stock were in the prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
Her fowls and her calves were fat;
That the butter that Tommy that morning
churned,
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for pa a new shirt had made,
And 'twas done to by the rule;
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of greyish brown—
“I tell you, Kate, what I think,” said he,
“We're the happiest folks in town.”
“I know,” said Kate, “that we all work
hard—
Work and health go together, I've found;
For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

They're worth thousands, so people say,
But I ne'er saw them happy yet;
Twould not be I that would take their gold,
And live in a constant fret.
My humble home has a light within
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy,
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye.”
I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye,
The moon shone brighter and clearer,
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer.



MOYNE ABBEY.

A SINGULAR tradition is preserved concerning this abbey. The founder was about erecting it at Rappagh, when a dove came, and by its movements attracted attention. It is said that the bird continued moving, until it reached the present site of the abbey, and then marked its foundations on the dew with its wings.

Some assert, that this abbey was founded in 1440; others say, that it was erected in 1460. If the first year be the true one, it was founded by Edmund MacWilliam Bourke, who succeeded in that year to the dignity of the "MacWilliam." If 1460 be the date of its erection, Moyne was founded by Thomas, junior, who succeeded to the title in the year 1458.

Provincial chapters of the order were held here in the years 1464, 1498, 1512, 1541, and 1550.

The church is 135 feet long by 20 broad towards the east; from the west door to the tower, the breadth varies from 40 to 50 feet; on the broadest space is a gable with a pointed window of stone, and of fine workmanship. To the eastern wall of this portion of the building were two altars, having a piscina to each; between the altars there is an arched recess, which would seem to have been a place of safety for the sacred utensils of the altars. Entering the west door, which had been mutilated, in 1798, by some Hessian defenders of the British throne, a lateral aisle opens

to the view the beautiful eastern window through the arch of the tower. On the right of the aisle is a range of arches corresponding with the height of that of the tower, done in hewn stone; the arches, which are hexagonal and turned on consoles, support the tower, which is nearly in the centre of the church, and about 100 feet in height. The ascent to the summit of the tower is by a helix of 101 steps, and well repays him who mounts it, as the scenery around is of unsurpassable beauty. The monastic buildings are fast tottering to destruction. In the centre of the monastic buildings is a square or arcade built on plain pillars in couplets. The tower is a remarkable one not forming a square. Its ascent is of superior workmanship, and more convenient than that of the tower of the Minster at York.

The abbey was surrounded with a very strong wall. Under the cloister was a fountain, which supplied it with water. Its situation is low, almost on the banks of the Moy.

In the month of June, thirty-seventh of Queen Elizabeth, a grant was made to Edmund Barrett of this abbey and its possessions, containing an orchard and four acres of pasture, together with the tithes and other appurtenances, to hold the same for ever by fealty at the annual rent of 5s. Elizabeth's patent did not hold for ever; her patentee made way for the drummers and bandmen and usurers of Cromwell's puritan army.

ERIN'S FREEDOM.

BY J. F. SIMMONS.

Erin! Mother! here united
 Come thy sons to pledge thy weal;
 Fairest gem of ocean, blighted
 By the despot's iron heel.
 All thy travailing and sorrow,
 All thy bitter sighs and groans,
 Wails of hunger, cries of horror,
 Strike our hearts in bitter tone;
 Strike the hearts that warmly cherish
 Deep, undying love for thee,
 And would freely, gladly perish,
 Gladly die to set thee free.

Erin! Bower of the Muses!
 Land of poetry and song,
 Groaning under dire abuses,
 Black oppression, heartless wrong;
 From thy downcast eyes are falling
 Tears that voice thy woes and pains,
 And thy beauteous limbs are galling
 'Neath the tyrant's cruel chains.
 Can a son thus see his mother
 Bear a heartless master's stroke?
 Can he—and resentment smother—
 See her wear a tyrant's yoke?

Sycophantic, arrant slavery,
 Bastard, false, degenerate,
 Brutal selfishness and knavery—
 All that God condemns and hates—
 These who know not love nor honor,
 May neglect a mother's cries,
 See oppression heaped upon her
 And look on with careless eyes;
 But the brave and true and noble
 Hear her every groan and sigh;
 Feel her anguish, know her trouble,
 And to rescue her will die.

Who of Erin's sons will falter!
 Who among them has forgot
 Emmet perished by the halter,
 Ere he would her honor blot?
 Perished grandly, noble Emmet!
 Whom no tyrant could subdue—
 Met the tide but not to stem it—
 Died because to Erin true.
 Ah! the despot fondly cherished
 Hopes he ne'er had known before,
 That when Erin's hero perished
 Patriots ne'er would brave him more.

But he knew not, Erin, mother—
 Knew not that o'er Emmet's grave
 Pledge thy sons each to the other
 Ne'er to be a tyrant's slave.
 Troth which then was truly plighted,
 Time has never worn away,
 And, here, " Irishmen united,"
 Pledge again those vows to-day.
 Heart to heart, in faith relying
 On that arm which strength can give,
 Pledge we with a love undying
 Erin's freedom! die or live.

"Erin's freedom!" be our watchword,
 Aim and end of every life;
 Heal and banish every discord;
 Erin's sons must know no strife;
 Neither must they pause nor falter,
 All must act with one accord.
 Cursed be that one would falter
 When e'er freedom gives the word.
 Hear the words of heroes, heed 'em,
 Ne'er from mem'ry let them part;
 Dead lips speak them, "Erin's freedom,"
 Let them live in every heart.

IS IRELAND OVER-POPULATED?

Is Ireland over-populated? On this question a good deal of misapprehension exists, even among Irishmen who are in the front ranks of Land Reformers. It is popularly supposed that Connaught in particular is over-peopled, and that the Land question in Connaught is distinct from the rest of Ireland. The difference is sometimes vaguely described by saying that in Connaught it is not the Land question, but the Labor question, which is urgent, or that the social question there is implicated with matters of Poor law administration and emigration. It may be well to recall the exact figures showing the density of the population in the different provinces, as ascertained by the Census Commissioners, which conflict somewhat with the idea that popularly obtains in England and with many Irishmen. The report of the Census Commissioners gives for each province and county the average number of persons to an acre both for the entire area and also for arable and pasture land—that is, excluding areas of towns, plantations, waste, bogs and mountains. The average number of persons to an acre of arable and pasture land for all Ireland is .34. For the different provinces the numbers are—Leinster, .32; Munster, .29; Ulster, .44; Connaught, .29. It appears, then, that Connaught is not more thickly populated in proportion to its profitable land than Munster, and that it is less thickly populated than the two other provinces. When, however, the waste land and bogs are taken into account it appears that Connaught is very much more sparsely inhabited than any part of Ireland. The average number of persons to an acre in each province, taking the entire area, is—

Leinster, .27; Munster, .23; Ulster, .34; Connaught, .19. It stated that the present generation on the island of Arranmore were worse off than their forefathers, inasmuch as they have no mountain range for their stock, the mountain here being let separately to Englishmen for cattle rearing. Similar statements have been made of districts in the West of Donegal, which is also represented as being over-populated. The question is not one that can be solved by a reference to statistical tables or to computations such as those of the Census Commissioners, which, so far as they go, certainly indicate that Connaught is not over-populated, or at least not more so than Munster, and much less than the other provinces. A visit made to some of these districts where there is an unwholesome congestion of population may lead a stranger to think that the inhabitants are too dense, but it would be just as reasonable to conclude that the population of England is too dense because there are slums overcrowded for health in London and other large towns. It is admittedly the fact that a vast proportion of the arable and pasture land of Ireland is capable of great improvement and increased production; it is also undeniable that there are vast tracts of land now waste which might be profitably reclaimed. Labor is needed for both these purposes, and until the country is brought to a much higher state of cultivation, until all reclaimable land has been made profitable, it is nonsense to talk of the country being over-populated. There is as much, if not more, room for such work in Connaught as in any other part of Ireland, and yet there is a dearth of employment. In what sense can a country be called over-peopled when it is but half developed, and its productiveness is capable of being doubled or trebled? The idea that the population is too dense is not confined to Connaught. Lord Cloncurry said recently that the soil and climate of Ireland are such to make it only fit "for large pastoral farms." His remarks referred to Leinster, where we believe he occupies some 3,000 or 4,000 acres. The "cattle kings" of Texas, the large breeders and graziers of Colorado and New Mexico, look with des-

pair on those who come to build homesteads and introduce cultivation into the desert, and so did the Australian sheep-farmers. In fertile Meath the population is less than half as dense as in Derry, with its mountains and moors; but the poor-rate poundage in Meath is 50 per cent. higher than in Derry. Those who maintain this theory of over-population should be able to say what is sufficient, to show that the country is already as much developed as is possible, and that no profitable employment can be found for the surplus population. Under any scheme of emigration it is the young, the strong, and the adventurous who will go, and will that benefit the country? It is idle to talk of any plan by which whole families can be transported wholesale to new countries; elderly and middle-aged persons who have all their ties in the country, who are past the time of life when new occupations can be engaged in with facility, will not be tempted and cannot be forced to go.—*Dublin Freeman.*

THE SAME OLD STORY.—An Oxford graduate was showing his sister over his rooms in college when some one knocked at the door. Supposing that it was one of his friends, and not wishing to be chaffed, he hid her behind the curtains, and admitted an elderly gentleman who apologized profusely for his intrusion, and excused himself by saying that it was many years since he had been at Oxford and could not leave without paying a visit to his dear old college and the old rooms he had occupied as a student. "Ah!" cried the old gentleman, looking around, "the same old sofa—yes, and the same old carpet—everything the same!" Then, walking into the bed-room, he remarked: "Yes, and the same old bed; the same washstand! Yes, everything the same!" Presently he stepped towards the curtains and remarked: "Ah! and the same old curtains!" Looking round he beheld the young lady, and, turning round, said: "Ah! you young dog, and the same old game!" "But," hastily replied the undergraduate, "that young lady is my sister." To which the reply came, "Yes, I know, and the same old story!"

A MARRIED WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

It is the privilege of all, and at all times, to "put the best side out," or to appear to the best advantage; and, if we don't carry it too far, it will ever be to us as a talisman commanding the respect of the intelligent and refined. But there is a degree of gentility which if we go beyond will make us appear ridiculous; and it is easy enough for any discriminating mind to perceive when a person is *affecting* to be genteel. Now, it is perfectly natural for young people of either sex, when in each other's company, to try to appear amiable, courteous, and attracting—especially those two who are beginning to find their hearts entwined around by one beautiful net-work of love; and then how every word and action is measured, and expression studied, and what a self-conscious pride they feel when they know that they have won the love and admiration of each other! But to come more to the point in hand.

How apt are we to think, when we see a young gentleman all attention to his lady-love—studying everything for her convenience and pleasure—that *he is a perfect gentleman*, and will be a *devoted husband*; but, ah! how deceptive are appearances. I have no doubt but there are a great many men who remain the same affectionate, adoring husbands that they were at first, or as courteous as before marriage; but I speak from my own experience, which is strengthened by observation, and I have no doubt but it will apply generally; for there are too many who, after they have caught the bird, care less whether it is fed as daintily or its plumage kept in as good repair.

When the writer was young and remained unmarried, her husband was one of that sort of "perfect gentlemen" who never seemed happier than when doing for her some deed of kindness. When, for instance, we were going a distance of a mile or two, I "mustn't walk, I must ride"; but now "it is better to walk; walking is a healthy exercise." Then, if, when walking out, and we came to a gutter or any other place difficult to cross, he would run

and get a board to lay across it for me to walk on; but now he leaps over, and walks right straight on, and leaves me to get over the best way I can. Then, when travelling on the cars, and when we came to our stopping place, my husband would always jump off first and assist me, and take my satchel, etc.; but now he gets off and walks along and leaves me to help myself and follow on.

When going to church, or anywhere else, he would open the door and gate and close them after I went through; but now he darts through himself and lets them swing to after him, and proceeds, and by the time I get through my husband will be some rods in advance of me, and I am obliged to call for him to stop, or run and overtake him. Then, if we were at any public dinner or festival, my husband was always by my side to wait on me to anything I wished; but now he leaves me, and seeks the company of some of his old chums, and seems to forget that he has a wife at all.

So very negligent had my husband become that I thought it best to mention it to him—not for my own sake entirely, but on *his* account, and for fear that people would observe it and attribute it to disaffection; and now the reader will laugh when I tell him how very kind and attentive he was to me (for a time) after that. For a sample I will relate an instance that occurred the next time we were invited out to dinner. We had but just sat down to the table, when my husband (wishing, I presume, to redeem himself) helped me to an enormous piece of *pie*. I looked around at the company to see if any one observed it, and then thanked him; but I could not help but think that he was then *overmuch pie-ous* in his attention.

I have never said anything more to him about his negligence to me when in company. When we were married, he called me by the very pretty name of "Jennie," but it soon changed to "Jane" (as *that* is my name), and now he often calls me, *Look here, or Say, as anything else.*

My husband used to be fond of entertaining me with incidents or events that transpired from day to day within his observation; but he has got over all

that now, and if I am so lucky as to get the news through some other medium (and wishing to communicate the same to him—thinking to tell him something new) he replies: “Why, I heard of that some time ago;” and if I ask him why he didn’t inform me, he interrogates me by saying: “Do you suppose I am obliged to tell you of everything I hear?”

I have already mentioned enough to show how apt men are to become indifferent as to the many little acts of courtesy and kindness towards their wives; they seem to think that it is too much like condescending to things beneath their dignity to be social and communicative with them; and that we are in duty bound, from the fact of our connection with them, to overlook whatever we see amiss in them, especially if we have any regard for “keeping peace in the family.”

It is of no use for the wife to practise the same indifference, as a retort towards her husband, that he does to her; for she would not only create a barrier between them, but would soon find that an almost inseparable iceberg was chilling the very air they breathe; and it is impossible ever to regain that same feeling of love and trust that first bound them together.

I was about to say to the young ladies: Beware that you don’t get a husband after the sort that I have here described; but then how can you know until you have tried them? And then it is too late to repent; but if such should be your lot, you must be thankful it isn’t any worse.

A MARRIED WOMAN.

THE LOVE OF LIFE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigor of youth, we had learned to despise assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardor to continue the game.

Our attachment to every object around us increases from the length of our acquaintance with it. “I would not choose,” says a French philosopher, “to see an old post pulled up with which I had long been acquainted.” A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them, visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor’s feet, addressed him as follows:

“Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without even being confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than sixty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I

am forgotten. Permit me, then O Chinvang! to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look around with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it, husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

METEOROLOGY.

WITH the present number of *THE HARP*, we give the first of a "Series" of papers on the interesting, but, very imperfect science of Meteorology. Former papers, on kindred subjects, in the "Young Folks Corner," were read with such avidity and interest, that it behoves us to still further cater for their instruction and edification; and to lay open the doors of the natural sciences in such plain and simple language

"That he who runs may read."

EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WEATHER.

WE presume that in a state of unusual bad weather there are many persons,

who find occasion to reflect on the nature of weather in general.

A few years ago, we had "green Christmas and white Easter," and spring was of course far behind when Pentecost arrived. We had still cold and rainy days, while the nights were frosty; and, if one might judge from appearances, it seemed that nature had made a mistake, and had not known of our being then in the month of June, which, with us, is usually a delightful month.

The sun alone was right. He rose on the 9th of June of that year precisely at 4 o'clock 30 minutes, as was prescribed to him by the Calendar; and set a 7 o'clock 30 minutes, precisely according to orders. At that time the sun was hastening towards summer, he lengthened the days and shortened the nights; but he alone is not capable of governing the weather, and our friends the astronomers, although they are able to calculate the sun's course with more precision than the engineer can the locomotive's, are themselves greatly embarrassed when asked, "What kind of weather shall we have the day after tomorrow?"

It is unpardonable that some of our almanacs, especially those for the farmer, contain prophecies about the weather. We cannot be too indignant against the foolish superstitions which this abuse tends to foster. And what is worse, really shameful, is, that those who print such things do not believe in them themselves, but consider them a necessity sanctioned by age and custom, and offer it as such to the credulity of the public.

The subject of this article on the knowledge of weather, is a science, a great branch of the natural sciences; but it is a branch just developing, and therefore has, up to the present time, not yet brought forth any fruit.

It is very likely that at some future day we shall be able to indicate in advance the weather of any given place. But for the present this is impossible; and if from time to time men arise and announce that they can calculate and determine in advance the state of the weather in any given place—pretending to consult the planets, etc., we take it

for granted that they are unreliable as the weather-prophets of the almanacs.

We said above that the weather might possibly be determined a few days ahead; science is at present almost far enough advanced for it. But there are needed for that purpose grand institutions, which must first be called into life.

If for the proper observation of the weather, stations were erected throughout the extent of the country, at a distance of about seventy miles from each other, and if these stations were connected by a telegraph-wire, managed by a scientific reliable observer, then we might, in the middle portion of our country, be able to determine in advance the state of the weather, though for a short time only.

Along a part of the coast of the United States electric telegraphs have been established. Vessels receive, at a considerable distance, the news of a storm approaching, together with its velocity and direction. The electric telegraph being quicker than the wind, the vessels receive the news in time to take their directions. Before the storm reaches them, they have been enabled to take precautionary measures for its reception.

This is a great step forward in our new science. But not before the time when such stations shall be established everywhere throughout the land, will Meteorology manifest its real importance. For it has, like every other science, firmly established rules, which can easily be calculated and verified; while, on the other hand, allowances must be made for changeable conditions which tend to disturb the rules.

We will endeavor to introduce to our young readers these established rules, and explain the changeable conditions to which we refer, in forthcoming chapters.

QUESTIONS ON IRISH LITERATURE, &c.

1. How far back can we descry the sparkle of Irish genius lighting up the surface of English life?

2. Who was the first writer in the English tongue who denounced the cruelties of the traffic in slaves, and exposed the horrors of their African bondage?

3. Give the title of the Tragedy thus rendered famous.

4. Who, and what was the name of

the "Camden Professor of History," at Oxford, who refused to swear allegiance to William and Mary?

5. Who was Congreve's great rival among the brilliant group of Irish playwrights?

6. Who wrote the "Recruiting Officer," and who is its immortal character?

7. What is the origin of the "Coat and Badge," to which *Tom Bowline* bids farewell?

8. Who wrote the beautiful poem of the "Hermit?"

9. What Irishman is generally termed the *intellectual* giant and *literary* athlete of the seventeenth century?

NOTE.—We have great pleasure in announcing, that our amiable and accomplished Correspondent "Marie," of St. Mary's Academy, Augusta, Georgia, answered all our questions in the September number of THE HARP in a most pleasing and satisfactory manner.—ED.

THE CHAPEL CHOIR Book. Boston: Thos. B. Noonan & Co. Price, \$1.50.

We have here a large collection of Catholic music designed for Public Worship, and Sunday and Singing Schools, edited by George W. Lloyd, revised, enlarged, and improved by the Director of the Choir of St. James' Church, Boston, containing Masses, Anthems, Chants, and Hymns suitable for all the services of the Catholic Church. We have much pleasure in recommending it to our Church choirs.

We have also received from the same House: *Familiar Instructions on the Commandments of God and the Church*, by a Catholic Priest. A book that will be found of use to the old as well as to the young.

THE CATHOLIC FIRESIDE. New York: Catholic Fireside Publishing Company.

It affords us much pleasure to notice that this estimable Monthly is meeting with the success it merits. It came to us last month in a very attractive cover. We hope, that at no distant day, it will be a Weekly instead of a Monthly visitor. As it is, it certainly is a marvel of cheapness—40 pages, 3 columns in a page, of sound and instructive reading. The price is so very low, only one dollar a year, that it is within the reach of every one. It has our very best wishes for its prosperity.

LET YOUR TEARS KISS THE FLOWERS OF MY GRAVE.

Arranged by W.

Composed by JOHN T. RUTLEDGE



1. Let your tears kiss the flowers of my grave, When you pass where they've laid me to



rest; It is all that I wish, that I crave, For I



know that you lov'd me the best. Breathe a sigh from the depth of your

heart, For the one that has lov'd you so well; Let the

tears come that un - hi-den start, When you kneel by my grave in the dell.

2. Let your tears kiss the flowers of my grave,
Keep them blooming in mem'ry of me;
Only think of the love that I gave,
When I was so happy with thee.
Other faces may grow dear to you,
Ere one short year has pass'd on its way;
But you will not forget one so true,
Will my form in your mem'ry decay.

3. Let your tears kiss the flowers of my grave,
When you kneel at my lone grave above;
Linger there with a sigh—this I crave,
From the heart of the one that I love.
I will soon be forgotten when dead,
By the many that once were so dear;
But above my lone grave will you tread,
And give to my mem'ry a tear.

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

A doubled-faced female—Dupli-Kate.
Good for soar rise—The eagle's pinions.

The girl who bangs her hair often makes the wife who bangs her husband.

A "squeeze in grain"—Treading on a man's corns.

A printer's wife always puts the baby in "small caps."

It is a poor speller who does not keep an i to business.

The real owe de Cologne—the debt on the Cathedral.

Never reproach a man with the faults of his relatives.

Turning the tables—Looking through Bradshaw.

Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark, "All that glitters is not cold."

A great part of our existence serves no other purpose than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

"I have got a bawl ticket," said neighbor John ruefully. It turned out there was a new baby in the family.

"The straighter a man takes his whiskey," said a temperance lecturer, "the crookeder it seems to make him."

An exchange asks, "What is it makes girls so attractive?" It is the money their fathers are supposed to have.

The most afflicted part of a house is the window. It is always full of panes—and who has not seen more than one window blind?

A Boston artist is credited with having painted an orange peel on the sidewalk so naturally that six fat men slipped down on it.

Some men are captivated by a woman's laugh, just as some men predict a pleasant day because the sun shines out clear for a moment. They forget the chances for squalls.

A railroad man accused of drinking lager-beer while on duty calmly assured the superintendent that he was the victim of color-blindness, and supposed he was drinking water.

A clergyman meeting an inebriated neighbor, exclaimed, "Drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confidential tone, responded, "So am I, parson!"

"Dear sir," said an amateur farmer, just from the city, writing to the chairman of an agricultural society, "put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."

HINT FOR MAMMAS.—An old lady who has several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

A lady who had quarrelled with her bald headed lover said, in dismissing him, "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."

"Why," some witer asks, "is a brilliant man less brilliant with his wife than with any one else?" Well, we suppose she asks him for money oftener than any one else. You take to borrowing money regularly and constantly of your dearest and most brilliant friend, and see what will become of his brilliancy in your presence.

Johnny's father is a professional juryman, and talks about his business at the family table. Johnny goes to Sunday school. The other Sunday the teacher asked him what Cain did when God accused him of being his brother's murderer. "He didn't do nuffin' but fixed it with the jury," was the startling reply which struck the teacher's ear.—[Johnny's father has many followers.]

When a New York mother, the other morning, discovered her ten-year-old son turning flip-flaps, standing on his head, trying to kick flies off the ceiling and cutting up all kinds of monkey shines, she screamed, "Now, William, you've been to the circus again! and how dare you go without my permission?" And thus did the good little boy reply: "No, I wasn't at the circus, nuther. I was only down to hear Mr. Talmage preach last evening;" and he jumped over the piano before his mother could prevent him.